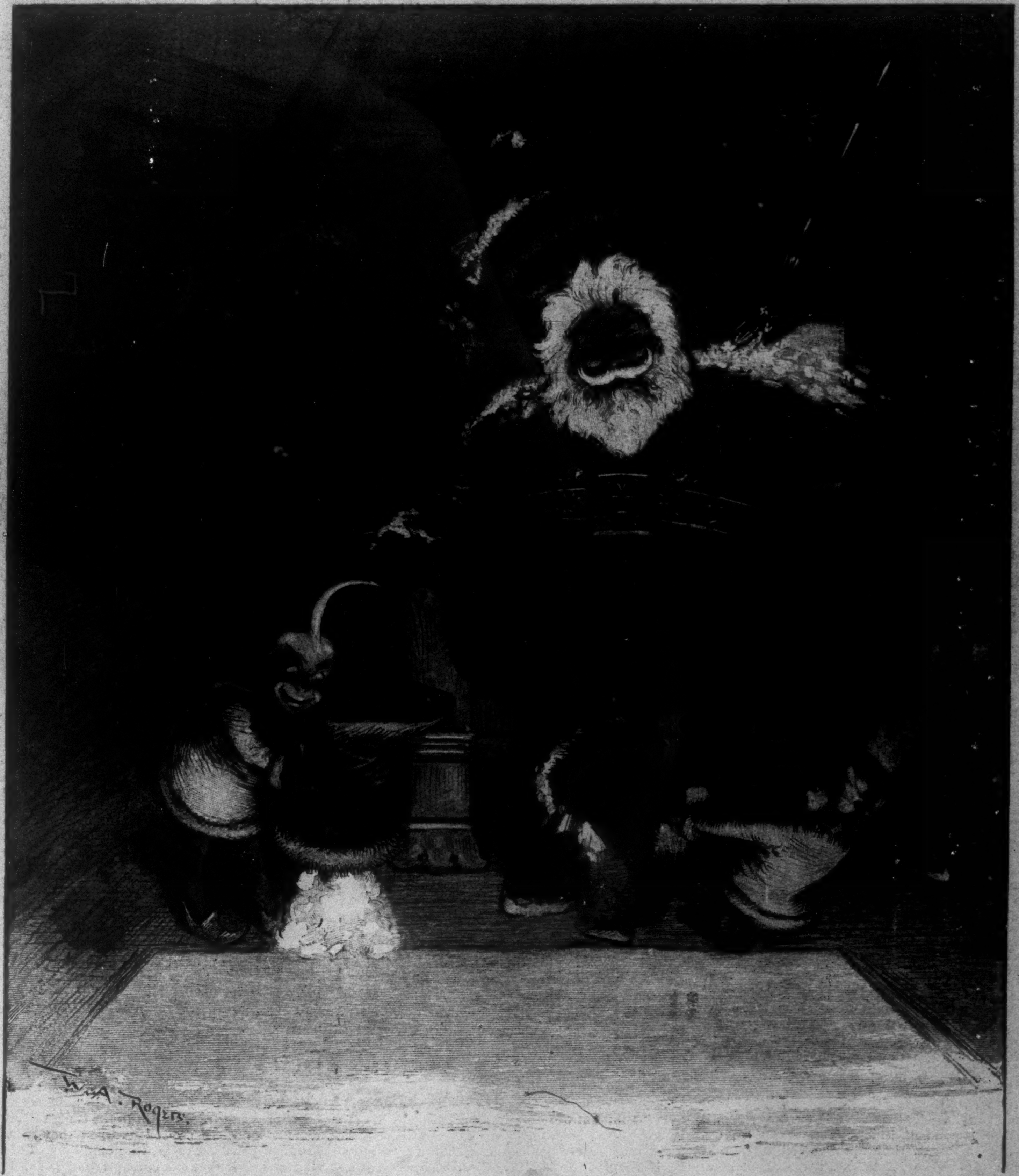
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2139.
Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



(See Poem, Page 1250.)

SANTA CLAUS'S RETURN HOME.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER—FORTY PAGES AND AN ILLUMINATED COVER—PRICE, 25 CENTS.

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 18, 1897

Terms: $4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

CONTENTS OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

STORIES.

How the Devil came to New Hope. By HOWARD PYLE.
EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS BY THE AUTHOR.

A Brotherhood of Three. By MARY E. WILKINS. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY.

The Exorcism that Failed. Part I. A Ghost Story. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated by PETER NEWELL.

Through the Bad Bend. A True Tale of Adventure. By JOHN FOX, Jr. Illustrated by W. A. ROGERS.

The Vintage. Chapter XXVII. (Illustrated.) By E. F. BENSON.

AN ILLUMINATED DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

A Christmas Welsh Rabbit. By F. S. CHURCH.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Christmas Carnival on the Ice, Amsterdam. By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

A Christmas Hymn. By A. I. KELLER.

Santa Claus's Return. By W. A. ROGERS.

OTHER FEATURES.

This Busy World. A Christmas Paper. By E. S. MARTIN. Illustrated by ASPELL.

Hawaiian Annexation. By Hon. CARL SCHURZ.

Music Notes. By E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Amateur Sport: The Wearing of Club Colors. By JOHN CORBIN.—*College Football in the Middle West.* By RALPH T. HOAGLAND.—*Golf Competitions.* By H. G. HUTCHINSON.

IT is well to keep before the denouncers of Sheriff MARTIN for the Lattimer shooting the various testimonies as to the character of those whom they have celebrated as "peace-loving citizens," who were marching on that fatal day along the Pennsylvania highway when they encountered the sheriff's deputies. Last week two of these outraged citizens attempted to blow up the house of one of the deputies in Hazleton. Thus they continue to show that murder was not in their minds when they defied the law and its ministers.

HAITI has been forced to make compensation to Herr LÜDERS for his arrest and imprisonment, and to humble herself before the German Empire, the Kaiser making his terms to the little Black Republic as hard as his genius for insolence could suggest. There is reason to believe that Haiti was in the wrong, but the German method of seeking redress was so offensive to all who love to see a great power show the gracious consideration of greatness that much sympathy is felt for President SAM, and some regret that he was at the Kaiser's mercy.

COUNT BANFFY, the Hungarian Premier, has introduced a bill in the Hungarian Parliament to extend for a year the constitutional union between Austria and Hungary. In the mean time Count GAUTSCH has notified the German leaders that the union will be extended by imperial decree. This is the method in Austro-Hungary of meeting the difficulties created by the obstructive tactics of the German leaders in the Reichsrath. In a word, if the Parliament refuses to legislate on this subject, the Emperor may decree.

A COMMISSION appointed by the President, of which Rear-Admiral JOHN G. WALKER is at the head, has sailed for Nicaragua. This commission was created for the purpose of making a new and, for the first time, a thorough survey of the proposed route of the Nicaragua Canal. It is the most important commission that has ever gone to Nicaragua, and the WEEKLY expects to be able to present to its readers from time to time, from a special correspondent, illustrated news of its progress. In the mean time nothing is likely to be done in Congress until Admiral WALKER'S commission reports. That the report will be able and convincing, so far as the engineering problems involved are concerned, goes without saying.

IT is now stated that the alliance between CROKER and PLATT in the New York Legislature has been made, at least for the passage of an anti-cartoon bill. That such a bargain would be made was predicted by the WEEKLY immediately after the election, when there were some indications of rejoicing over what seemed to be the defeat of PLATT in the Assembly districts. PLATT and CROKER control the Legislature, and PLATT will sell CROKER any legislation that the Tammany boss may want in return for favors for his municipal machine, which now seems likely to be smashed by rebellious Republicans who are tired of the rule of PLATT and QUIGG. But, however the contest against Plattism may turn out in the city, the Legislature at Albany will be as corrupt and tyrannous as PLATT and CROKER together will dare to make it.

CROKER having publicly notified HILL that he recognizes MURPHY as the Democratic leader in New York State, HILL is now, it seems, entering upon a contest with the ruler of Tammany and the city for the purpose of retaining his threatened leadership. To this end he is seeking the assistance of HUGH MCLAUGHLIN, the Democratic boss of Kings County, who will of course support the leader who will profit him and his organization the most. This and the situation in the Republican party make a pretty picture of contemporaneous politics, equalled only by the current party histories of Pennsylvania and Ohio. It is also a striking and startling fact in connection with our present degradation that of all the struggling bosses of New York, HILL is the very best. Twelve years ago what pessimist would have dared to say that at the end of the century DAVID B. HILL would be the worthiest party leader in the State of New York?

GERMANY will probably keep possession of Kiaochou Bay and the surrounding territory. The demand which Admiral DIEDERICH has made for money recompense for the killing of the two missionaries was evidently expected to be refused. The demand, of course, is excessive, and there are other evidences, including the landing of an unduly large force—more than 4500 men—that the German Emperor wants a footing and a naval station in the Pacific. Whether or not Russia is hostile to the attempt is doubtful, but it may be taken for granted that if neither Russia nor France objects to the final seizure by the Germans of Kiaochou Bay, the attempt is another move in the game of the continent of Europe to make Great Britain feel her isolation—a game in which France, if her foreign minister were as wise as he is clever, would not enlist. If European powers are to contend for Chinese territory, perhaps for the Chinese Empire, the sympathies of all who love free government and justice will be with England, for she alone of all Europe is fit to rule over foreign people.

There is a rumor abroad that China has indeed yielded to German aggression, and the bay is to be surrendered to Germany. In the debate in the Reichstag on the demand of the Kaiser for a larger appropriation for the navy, the Minister of Marine frankly admitted that it was the intention of the Emperor to gain a foothold in China, and to keep what he had grabbed, and that it was furthermore the duty of Germany to get for itself as large a slice as possible of the Eastern pie.

CONGRESS does not promise to accomplish anything in the way of currency or revenue reform. It has evidently come together with no serious intention of taking steps to remedy the evils of our money system, or to devise methods for increasing revenues or decreasing expenditures. All the Washington newspaper correspondents agree that there is no reason to expect currency legislation, and notwithstanding Secretary GAGE'S estimate, very moderate under the circumstances, of a deficiency of $28,000,000 this year and of $22,000,000 next year, Mr. DINGLEY obstinately insists that his act will produce sufficient revenue if it be given a chance. As he is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, this means that he is not likely to bring in a remedial measure willingly, although he has intimated that he can make sure of sufficient revenue in case of a sudden and, by him, unforeseen emergency, by increasing the tax on beer. It is pleasant to read that Mr. CANNON, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, believes that extravagant appropriations will not be wise, but what this means exactly will not be known until the bills are reported. Unfortunately, if Mr. CANNON is sincere in desiring to reduce expenditures to meet the revenues, he and his committee have no longer control of all the bills providing for the expenditure of money, and we are threatened with a large demand for rivers and harbors and for public buildings, although not one dollar should be appropriated for any but existing works.

THE protest of many judges, including members of both the Federal and State courts, and of many members of the bar of the Pacific coast, against the elevation of Attorney-General MCKENNA to the Supreme Bench to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Justice FIELD, is significant. In the first place, it is unusual for members of the bench and bar to assert, as these protesters do, that one whom the appointing power is bent upon making a judge is unfit for the office. This is partly by reason of the fact that the one objected to is about to wield great power. Lawyers naturally, therefore, hesitate to imperil their own futures and the interests of their clients by exciting the enmity of the future judge. As to the judges, they know that a superior, such as Mr. MCKENNA will be if he be appointed, can make their judicial careers uncomfortable. It is to be assumed, then, that some strong reason actuated the signers of this protest, and unless an overwhelming case can be made for the Attorney-General, he ought not to be appointed. It will not do to assign to political rivalry and personal hate this protest against the appointment. These cannot explain the action of Mr. MCKENNA'S professional brethren, unless it be proved that many judges of the Pacific coast are not only unfit for their places, but for respectable society. They have said that Mr. MCKENNA is unfit to be a judge, and, after that, unless he be supremely fitted for the place, Mr. MCKINLEY had better leave him where he is. The essential thing as to courts of law is that the people shall have confidence in them, and it will be widely suspected, at least for many years to come, if Mr. MCKENNA be appointed, that he possesses neither the ability, the attainments, nor the character for a judgeship. Moreover, Supreme Court justiceships ought not to be the rewards of political services. Except in rare cases, they ought to be the rewards of good conduct and distinguished service on the bench, and a compensation for the self-sacrifice involved in such service. A justiceship of the highest tribunal in the land ought to be the blue ribbon for judges.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. MCKINLEY, besides recommending the immediate ratification of the treaty with Hawaii, which is discussed by Mr. SCHURZ in another column, treats chiefly in his message of the currency question and the Cuban question. On two other important subjects he is unfortunately indefinite or altogether silent. We do not refer to the question of bimetallism, on which he touches lightly, and with what seems to us a measure of despair, but to the failure of the DINGLEY tariff law to produce sufficient revenue—not only on account of the extravagance of Congress, but of its own palpable defects—and to the pension evil. It was a time for plain speaking on these subjects, an opportunity of which no doubt Mr. CLEVELAND would have availed himself; but Mr. MCKINLEY has not the courage of his predecessor, and he therefore professes to hope, against what must be the conviction of a man so adept in Treasury figures as he must be, that at the end of the year the DINGLEY law will be found to be an adequate revenue measure. However strong the hope may be, ordinary prudence ought to have suggested that the appropriations of the present session should be based on the facts of the situation as they exist to-day, and not as optimists may hope that they will exist by reason of fortuitous and, at the best, only half-seen conditions that may possibly arise in the indefinite future. The fact is that so long as the DINGLEY law provides the methods of raising revenue, so long will the income of the government remain insufficient to meet such expenditures as recent Congresses have authorized and commanded. One of the patent steps that should be taken for saving money is the revision of the pension list. Last Sunday General H. V. BOYNTON, a stanch Republican, a veteran of the war, and a careful, clear-eyed observer, pointed out, in a communication to the New York *Sun*, the enormous evils of the pension list, on which—thirty-two years after the end of the war—are half as many persons as enlisted for three years' service in the war, and for the payment of which half the revenue of the government is demanded. It is a notorious fact, too, that a very large part of this enormous expenditure goes, not to the benefit of old soldiers or of those dependent upon them, but to a horde of pension sharks, who employ part of their ill-gotten gains for the corruption of Federal politics. But it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. MCKINLEY to recommend the purification of the pension rolls in the interest either of economy or of common honesty.

Saying so much by way of criticism of what seem to us deplorable omissions from the message, it is a great pleasure to be able to say that the

President's discussion of the Cuban question is strong, convincing, and patriotic. It is a large-minded recognition of the truth of the situation and of the duties of this country to Spain. It has long been evident that the responsibility of power has sobered the Republican leaders, and that the administration was intent on carrying out the policy which had been inaugurated by Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. McKINLEY not only does not believe that there exists any basis for recognition of belligerency, but he insists that the new government of Spain shall have an opportunity to try the effect of its new and more humane policy in the island. Naturally the right to intervention by this country is asserted in case the war should be prolonged notwithstanding the reforms promised by the Spaniards, and now actually offered to the Cubans. But Mr. McKINLEY treats the Spanish government as it ought to be treated, as a serious and civilized power, and he points out the evidences which it has already given of its honorable intentions towards this country and its humane purposes in its further pursuit of peace through arms.

It is a striking fact that many of the Jingoes in Congress who were bent upon making Mr. CLEVELAND's life miserable because he would not recognize the belligerency of the Cubans, or would not send to Havana a force of ships and men to drive WEYLER back to Spain, are now quite peacefully inclined. Most of the Republicans who voted for the belligerency resolutions, and who pretended to regret that they had not made the first resolution joint instead of concurrent, are now sure that Spain is doing its utmost to rule Cuba justly and humanely, and insist upon it that the SAGASTA government should have a chance to try the effect upon the insurrection of its new and better methods. Certainly this is as it should be, and the WEEKLY will be the last to upbraid these patriots for a change of spirit which has brought them to acceptance of its own counsels; but it must be regretfully added that the Jingo spirit seems to have increased among the Democrats, simply because it is now a Republican President against whom the Jingo spirit can make capital. In this respect it is not only a lack of frankness that is manifested by our politicians, but a lack of common honesty and common patriotism.

A few weeks ago the danger of war with Spain was imminent. CÁNOVAS was killed, and SAGASTA was in power, but the relations between the two countries seemed to be strained to the utmost. WEYLER was on his way home, declaring that the new Spanish government had yielded in a cowardly manner to the insolent demands of the United States. The Spanish people themselves, at least those of them who are in the habit of making themselves offensively heard, were threatening revolution if autonomy were granted to Cuba at the dictation of this country. But autonomy has been granted, Spain has recognized the right of this country to discuss with her the relations between herself and her colony, and the time when we shall have to consider interference has at least been postponed. This postponement ought to give to Congress time for the consideration of the second important subject treated of in the President's message—a subject which, with the postponement of the Cuban question, becomes the most important one before the government, as it has long been the most important of our purely domestic problems.

In a general way, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury and its recommendations touching the currency have been recently discussed in the WEEKLY. In a word, both Mr. McKINLEY and Mr. GAGE advise that the "endless chain" be destroyed, and that the greenbacks received into the Treasury shall not be paid out again except for gold. We believe that the greenbacks ought to be redeemed and retired entirely, and that so long as they continue to exist they will be a menace, and a possible disturbing element of our currency system. However, it will be something gained if they are to be kept in the Treasury until they shall be taken out by gold. Such a change in the law would at least prevent the recurrence of the troubles of 1893. The greenbacks would then at least cease to be instruments for the exhaustion of the Treasury's gold reserve. If Congress cannot do more than pass a law embodying the recommendation of the Secretary and President, it is to be hoped that it may do that. It certainly ought to be able also to change the national banking law in the manner suggested by Mr. GAGE, or in some better manner, to the end that bank-note circulation might become more elastic, more likely to meet the changing demands of business, and that remote communities, possessing little capital available for banking, may obtain those banking facilities which they need, and which they are practically denied by the existing national bank act.

If Congress shall do at least these two things, the session will be of greater advantage to the country than any previous session for many years has been. To ask it to do more than this, above all, to ask it to be economical and prudent, for example, would doubtless be to request too much.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLEA AGAINST IMMEDIATE ANNEXATION.

THERE has been much complaint that the advocates of the annexation of Hawaii, while loudly demanding the incorporation of those distant islands in the United States as an immediate necessity, have never taken the trouble of pointing out any advantages to be derived by us from such annexation that might not be had without it. As will be remembered, the special message of the President, as well as the letter of the Secretary of State which accompanied the treaty when it was sent to the Senate, contained nothing of the kind. It might have been expected that the President's annual message would provide for this want, but it does not even with a single word allude to it. On the contrary, it enumerates a series of extremely difficult problems, the mere mention of which will create in the mind of any intelligent and unprejudiced person the most serious doubt as to whether the annexation of Hawaii will be practicable at all.

The President says: "What the conditions of such a union shall be, the political relation thereof to the United States, the character of the local administration, the quality and degree of the elective franchise of the inhabitants, the extension of the Federal laws to the territory, or the enactment of special laws to fit the peculiar condition thereof, the regulation, if need be, of the labor system therein, are all matters which the treaty has wisely relegated to Congress. . . . The wisdom of Congress will see to it that, avoiding abrupt assimilation of elements perhaps hardly yet fitted to share in the highest franchises of citizenship, and having due regard to the geographical conditions, the most just provisions for self-rule in local matters, with the largest political liberties as an integral part of our nation, will be accorded to the Hawaiians."

This is a budget of perplexities the like of which has hardly ever been submitted to a legislative assembly in a lump. Let us look at the problems in detail: "The political relation thereof [the annexed Hawaiian Islands] to the United States." Is Hawaii to be treated as a "Territory" in the accepted sense of the term, to become a State in the course of time, or is it not, owing to the character of its present and prospective population and its geographical situation, rather likely to remain in all essential respects a colony, whatever we may call it? And is our system of government, without important change in its fundamental principles, adapted to the task of maintaining colonies? This is admitted to be a doubtful point, for the message mentions as an alternative to be considered "the extension of the Federal laws to the territory, or the enactment of special laws to fit the peculiar conditions thereof." That "peculiar conditions" exist is thus recognized. How peculiar they are is hinted at in what, according to the message, is further to be considered: "the character of the local administration, and the quality and degree of the elective franchise of the inhabitants." So far we have been accustomed to believe that under the Constitution and laws of this republic, local self-government was a matter of course, and that this local self-government was exercised through universal suffrage. There is, to say the least, a grave doubt as to whether this rule can be maintained in Hawaii. It seems to be substantially conceded that it cannot, on account of "peculiar conditions," among which the character of the population stands foremost.

The present population of Hawaii consists, in round numbers, of Hawaiians (pure and mixed), 40,000; Japanese, 25,000; Chinese, 22,000; Portuguese, 15,000; Americans, 3000; British, 2300; and Germans, 1500. The problem is to regulate "the character of the local administration, and the quality and degree—[rather mysterious expressions]—of the elective franchise of the inhabitants," so that the arrangement will work. That it will work in accordance with our fundamental principle of local self-government, through universal suffrage, nobody expects, because the character of that fearfully mixed population will not permit it. Peculiar special laws are therefore suggested to fit those peculiar conditions as to local administration. To be sure, the message says that "the most just provisions for self-rule in local matters, with the largest political liberties as an integral part of our nation, will be accorded to the Hawaiians." But who are "the Hawaiians"? Are they only the 40,000 natives? Or do the 25,000 Japanese and the 22,000 Chinese and the 15,000 Portuguese also belong to them? Or are the Asiatics to be excluded from the "self-rule in local matters," and "largest political liberties," and are those blessings to be confined to the Hawaiians and the Americans and the Europeans? And if so, how are the 3000 Americans to maintain themselves in power against the 40,000 Hawaiians and the 15,000 Portuguese?

The message, therefore, when speaking of "self-rule in local matters," and of the "largest political liberties to be accorded to the Hawaiians," cautiously mentions the necessity of "avoiding abrupt assimilation of elements perhaps hardly yet fitted to share in the highest franchises of citizenship, and of having due regard to geographical conditions." Which are those elements of the population that are hardly yet fitted for the franchise, and which should not be abruptly assimilated? Are they the 40,000 indolent Hawaiians or the 25,000 industrious and alert Japanese? And what is meant by the "geographical conditions" to which "due regard" should be paid? Is it not the fact that the Hawaiian Islands are situated in the tropical zone, and that in the tropics the establishment of orderly democratic commonwealths, in the American sense, has never yet succeeded? Very properly the message also mentions "the regulation, if need be, of the labor system therein" as one of the problems demanding grave consideration, and which may require special laws, for it is universally known that in tropical regions the labor needed for the production of the agricultural staples, which in Hawaii means the production of sugar, never is done on a large scale by men of the Anglo-Saxon, or, more broadly speaking, of the Germanic race. The laboring force of the country, that is, the great mass of the population, will, therefore, in Hawaii, always consist, not of people of Germanic blood, but of races to whom labor in the tropics is more congenial. In fact, the Japanese were invited into Hawaii by the Hawaiian government itself for the very purpose of doing the work of the sugar fields, because white labor had utterly failed. A "regulation of the labor system therein" will therefore be called for. But what will it have to be in order to produce the desired effect; and how can it be made to accord with the principles of American democracy?

These are indeed "peculiar conditions," to be met by very peculiar legislation. Do they not somewhat remind us of a "peculiar institution" we once had, which also demanded for its support peculiar measures and policies very much out of tune with the fundamental principles of our democratic system of government? And will it not occur to every thoughtful American that we have had more than enough of such peculiar things? And yet the President's message has by no means exhausted the whole collection of troubles the annexation of Hawaii will bring us. He has not touched upon the measures and expenditures necessary to put and keep Hawaii in a secure state of defence, nor upon the moral question whether the acceptance of Hawaii from the hands of her present rulers, without the assent of her people, will not put this republic in the disgraceful attitude of a receiver of stolen goods—a consideration which alone should deter any conscientious man from hasty action. But what the President has said is amply sufficient to convince every reasonable person that this annexation would burden us with problems of the gravest and most perplexing kind; and as yet not even a tangible suggestion has been made as to how any of them can be solved. Certainly the message makes none.

And in the face of this incontestable fact the advocates of the scheme urge the Senate to *ratify* the annexation treaty in hot haste, and then to let those problems be considered afterwards, whether they be capable of successful solution or not. What? To take a step of such vital importance to the character of this republic—a step launching us in entirely new policies, fraught with the most momentous consequences—to make that step irrevocable, and to leave it to after-consideration whether the problems involved in that step are capable of successful solution or not! To jump first and look afterwards! Is that statesmanship? Is it intelligent patriotism? Is it ordinary common-sense? If the President's message proves anything, it is that the question of the possibility of solving those problems in accordance with the fundamental principles of our government must be thoroughly considered and clearly answered *before* annexation is consummated, and not after the thing is irrevocably done. And this consideration should be had, not in secret conclave, but in open debate, so that the people may be able to judge. This the people have an obvious right to demand. It is therefore proper to say that the President's message furnishes a conclusive plea *against* the immediate annexation of Hawaii.

CARL SCHURZ.

THE EXORCISM THAT FAILED.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF "GHOSTS I HAVE MET," WITH A POSTSCRIPT IN WHICH OUR TITLE IS RENDERED VOID.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PART I.

I.—A JUBILEE EXPERIENCE.

IT has happened again. I have been haunted once more, and this time by the most obnoxious spook I have ever had the bliss of meeting. He is homely, squat, and excessively vulgar in his dress and manner. I have met cockneys in my day, and some of the most offensive varieties at that, but this spook absolutely outcocknifies them all, and the worst of it is I can't seem to rid myself of him. He has pursued me like an avenging angel for quite six months, and every plan of exorcism that I have tried so far has failed, including the receipt given me by my friend Peters, who, next to myself, knows more about ghosts than any man living. It was in London that I first encountered the vulgar little creature who has made my life a sore trial ever since, and with whom I am still coping to the best of my powers.

Starting out early in the morning of June 21, last summer, to witness the pageant of her Majesty Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, I secured a good place on the corner of Northumberland Avenue and Trafalgar Square. There were two rows of people ahead of me, but I did not mind that. Those directly before me were short, and I could easily see over their heads, and, furthermore, I was protected from the police, who in London are the most dangerous people I have ever encountered, not having the genial ways of the Irish bobbies who keep the New York crowds smiling, who, when you are pushed into the line of march, merely punch you in a ticklish spot with the end of their clubs, instead of smashing your hair down into your larynx with their sticks, as do their London prototypes.

It was very comforting to me, having witnessed the pageant of '87, when the Queen celebrated her fiftieth anniversary as a potentate, and thereby learned the English police system of dealing with crowds, to know that there were at least two rows of heads to be split open before my turn came, and I had formed the good resolution to depart as soon as the first row had been thus treated, whether I missed seeing the procession or not.

I had not been long at my post when the crowds concentrating on the line of march, coming up the avenue from the Embankment, began to shove intolerably from the rear, and it was as much as I could do to keep my place, particularly in view of the fact that the undersized cockney who stood in front of me appeared to offer no resistance to the pressure of my waistcoat against his narrow little back. It seemed strange that it should be so, but I appeared, despite his presence, to have nothing of a material nature ahead of me, and I found myself bent at an angle of seventy-five degrees, my feet firmly planted before me like those of a balky horse, restraining the onward tendency of the mob back of me.

Strong as I am, however, and stubborn, I am not a stone wall ten feet thick at the base, and the pressure brought to bear upon my poor self was soon too great for my strength, and I gradually encroached upon my unresisting friend. He turned and hurled a few remarks at me that are not printable, yet he was of no more assistance to me in withstanding the pressure than a marrowfat pea well cooked would have been.

"I'm sorry," I said, apologetically, "but I can't help it. If these policemen would run around to the rear and massacre some of the populace who are pushing me, I shouldn't have to shove you."

"Well, all I've got to say," he retorted, "is that if you don't keep your carcass out of my ribs I'll haunt you to your dying day."

"If you'd only put up a little backbone yourself you'd make it easier for me," I replied, quite hotly. "What are you, anyhow, a jelly-fish or an India-rubber man?" He hadn't time to answer, for just as I spoke an irresistible shove from the crowd pushed me slap up against the man in the front row, and I was appalled to find the little fellow between us bulging out on both sides of me, crushed longitudinally from top to toe, so that he resembled a paper doll before the crease is removed from its middle, three-quarters open. "Great heavens!" I muttered. "What have I struck?"

"L-lul-let me out!" he gasped. "Don't you see you are squ-queezing my figure out of shape? Get bub-back, blank it!"

"I can't," I panted. "I'm sorry, but—"

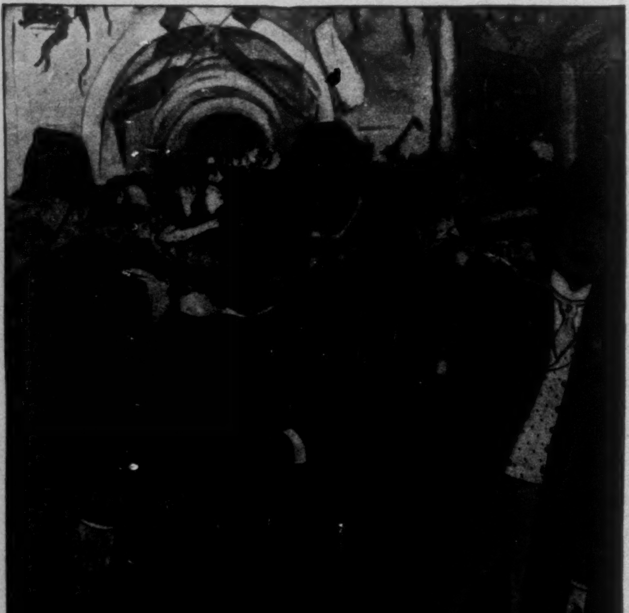
"Sorry be hanged!" he roared. "This is my place, you idiot—"

This was too much for me, and in my inability to kick him with my foot I did it with my knee, and then, if I had not been excited, I should have learned the unhappy truth. My knee went straight through him and shoved the man ahead into the coat-tails of the bobbie in front. It was fortunate for me that it happened as it did, for the front-row man was wrathful enough to have struck me; but the police took care of him, and as he was carried away on a stretcher, the little jelly-fish came back into his normal proportions, like an inflated India-rubber toy.

"What the deuce are you, anyhow?" I cried, aghast at the spectacle.

"You'll find out before you are a year older!" he wrathfully answered. "I'll show you a shoving trick or two that you won't like, you blooming Yank!"

It made me excessively angry to be called a blooming Yank. I am a Yank, and I have been known to bloom, but I can't stand having a low-class Britisher apply that term to me as if it were an opprobrious thing to be, so I tried once more to kick him with my knee. Again my knee passed through him, and this time took the policeman himself in the vicinity of his pistol-pocket. The irate officer turned quickly, raised his club, and struck viciously, not at the little creature, but at me. He didn't seem to see the jelly-fish. And then the horrid truth flashed across my mind. The thing in front of me was a ghost—a miserable relic of some bygone pageant, and visible only to myself, who have an eye to that sort of thing. Luckily the bobbie missed his stroke, and as I apologized, telling him I had St. Vitus's dance and could not control my unhappy leg, accompanying the apology with a half sovereign—both of which were accepted—peace reigned, and I shortly had the bliss of seeing the whole sovereign ride by—that is, I was told that the lady behind the parasol, which obscured everything but her elbow, was her Majesty the Queen.



"'L-LUL-LET ME OUT!' HE GASPED. 'DON'T YOU SEE YOU ARE SQU-QUEEZING MY FIGURE OUT OF SHAPE?'"

Nothing more of interest happened between this and the end of the procession, although the little spook in front occasionally turned and paid me a compliment which would have cost any material creature his life. But that night something of importance did happen, and it has been going on ever since. The unlovely creature turned up in my lodgings just as I was about to retire, and talked in his rasping voice until long after four o'clock. I ordered him out, and he declined to go. I struck at him, but it was like hitting smoke.

"All right," said I, putting on my clothes. "If you won't get out, I will."

"That's exactly what I intended you to do," he said. "How do you like being shoved, eh? Yesterday was the 21st of June. I shall keep shoving you along, even as you shoved me, for exactly one year."

"Humph!" I retorted. "You called me a blooming Yank yesterday. I am. I shall soon be out of your reach in the great and glorious United States."

"Oh, as for that," he answered, calmly, "I can go to the United States. There are steamers in great plenty. I could even get myself blown across on a gale, if I wanted to—only gales are not always convenient. Some of 'em don't go all the way through, and connections are hard to make. A gale I was riding on once stopped in mid-ocean, and I had to wait a week before another came along, and it landed me in Africa instead of at New York."

"'I SHALL KEEP SHOVING YOU ALONG, EVEN AS YOU SHOVED ME, FOR EXACTLY ONE YEAR.'"

"Got aboard the wrong gale, eh?" said I, with a laugh.

"Yes," he answered.

"Didn't you drown?" I cried, somewhat interested.

"Idiot!" he retorted. "Drown? How could I? You can't drown a ghost!"

"See here," said I, "if you call me an idiot again I'll—I'll—"

"What?" he put in, with a grin. "Now just what will you do? You're clever, but *I'm a ghost!*"

"You wait and see!" said I, rushing angrily from the room. It was a very weak retort, and I frankly admit that I am ashamed of it, but it was the best I had at hand at the moment. My stock of repartee, like most men's vitality, is at its lowest ebb at four o'clock in the morning.

For three or four hours I wandered aimlessly about the city, and then returned to my room, and found it deserted; but in the course of my peregrinations I had acquired a most consuming appetite. Usually I eat very little breakfast, but this morning nothing short of a sixteen-course dinner could satisfy my ravening; so instead of eating my modest boiled egg, I sought the Savoy, and at nine o'clock entered the breakfast-room of that highly favored caravansary. Imagine my delight, upon entering, to see sitting near one of the windows my newly made acquaintances of the steamer, the Travises of Boston, Miss Travis looking more beautiful than ever and quite as haughty, by whom I was invited to join them. I accepted with alacrity, and was just about to partake of a particularly nice melon when who should walk in but that vulgar little spectre, hat jauntily placed on one side of his head, check-patterned trousers loud enough to wake the dead, and a green plaid vest about his middle that would be an indictable offence even on an American golf links.

"Thank heaven they can't see the brute!" I muttered as he approached.

"Hullo, old chappie!" he cried, slapping me on my back. "Introduce me to your charming friends," and with this he gave a horrible low-born smirk at Miss Travis, to whom, to my infinite sorrow, by some accursed miracle, he appeared as plainly visible as he was to me.

"Really," said Mrs. Travis, turning coldly to me, "we—we can't, you know—we— Come, Eleanor. We will leave this *gentleman* with his *friend*, and have our breakfast sent to our rooms."

And with that they rose and scornfully departed. The creature then sat down in Miss Travis's chair and began to devour her roll.

"See here," I cried, finally, "what the devil do you mean?"

"Shove number two," he replied, with his unholy smirk. "Very successful, eh? Well, just you wait for number three. It will be what you Americans call a corker. By-by."

And with that he vanished, just in time to spare me the humiliation of shying a pot of coffee at his head. Of course my appetite vanished with him, and my main duty now seemed to be to seek out the Travises and explain; so leaving the balance of my breakfast untasted, I sought the office, and sent my card up to Mrs. Travis. The response was immediate.

"The loidy says she's gone out, sir, and ain't likely to be back," remarked the top-lofty buttons, upon his return.

I was so maddened by this slight, and so thoroughly apprehensive of further trouble from the infernal shade, that

I resolved without more ado to sneak out of England and back to America before the deadly blighting thing was aware of my intentions. I immediately left the Savoy and sought the office of the Green Star Line, secured a room on the steamer sailing the next morning—the *Digestic*—from Liverpool, and was about packing up my belongings, when *it* turned up again.

"Going away, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, shortly, and then I endeavored to deceive him. "I've been invited down to Leamington to spend a week with my old friend Dr. Liverton."

"Oh, indeed!" he observed. "Thanks for the address. I will not neglect you during your stay there. Be prepared for a shove that will turn your hair gray. *Au revoir.*"

And he vanished, muttering the address I had given him—"Dr. Liverton, Leamington—Dr. Liverton." To which he added, "I won't forget *that*, not by a jugful."

I chuckled softly to myself as he disappeared. "He's clever, but—there are others," I said, delighted at the ease with which I had rid myself of him; and then eating a hearty luncheon, I took the train to Liverpool, where next morning I embarked on the *Digestic* for New York.

II.—AN UNHAPPY VOYAGE.

The sense of relief that swept over me when the great anchor of the *Digestic* came up from the unstrained quality of the Mersey, and I thought of the fact that shortly a vast ocean would roll between me and that fearful spook, was one of the most delightful emotions that it has ever been my fortune to experience. Now all seemed serene, and I sought my cabin belowstairs, whistling gayly; but, alas! how fleeting is happiness, even to a whistler!

As I drew near to the room which I had fondly supposed was to be my own exclusively I heard profane remarks issuing therefrom. There was condemnation of the soap; there was perdition for the lighting apparatus; there were maledictions upon the location of the port; and the bedding was excommunicate.

"This is strange," said I to the steward. "I have engaged this room for the passage. I hear somebody in there."

"Not at all, sir," said he, opening the door; "it is empty." And to him it undoubtedly appeared to be so.

"But," I cried, "didn't you hear anything?"

"Yes, I did," he said, candidly; "but I supposed you was a ventriloquist, sir, and was a-puttin' up of a game on me."

Here the steward smiled, and I was too angry to retort. And then— Well, you have guessed it. *He* turned up—and more vulgar than ever.

"Hullo!" he said, nonchalantly, fooling with a suit-case. "Going over?"

"Oh no!" I replied, sarcastic. "Just out for a swim. When we get off the Banks I'm going to jump overboard and swim to the Azores on a wager."

"How much?" he asked.

"Five bob," said I, feeling that he could not grasp a larger amount.

"Humph!" he ejaculated. "I'd rather drive a cab—as I used to."

"Ah?" said I. "That's what you were, eh? A cab-driver. Takes a mighty mind to be that, eh? Splendid intellectual effort to drive a cab from the Reform Club to the Bank, eh?"

I had hoped to wither him.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, suavely. "I'll tell you this, though, I'd rather go from the Club to the Bank on my hansom with me holding the reins than try to do it with Mr. Gladstone or the Prince o' Wiles on the box."

"Prince o' Wiles?" I said, with a withering manner.

"That's what I said," he retorted. "You would call him Prince of Whales, I suppose—like a Yank, a blooming Yank—because you think Britannia rules the waves."

I had to laugh; and then a plan of conciliation suggested itself. I would jolly him, as my political friends have it.

"Have a drink?" I asked.

"No, thanks; I don't indulge," he replied. "Let me offer you a cigar."

I accepted, and he extracted a very fair-looking weed from his box, which he handed me. I tried to bite off the end, succeeding only in biting my tongue, whereat the presence roared with laughter.

"What's the joke now?" I queried, irritated.

"You," he answered. "The idea of any one's being fool enough to try to bite off the end of a spook cigar strikes me as funny."

From that moment all thought of conciliation vanished, and I resorted to abuse.

"You are a low-born thing!" I shouted. "And if you don't get out of here right away I'll break every bone in your body."

"Very well," he answered, coolly, scribbling on a pad close at hand. "There's the address."

"What address?" I asked.

"Of the cemetery where those bones you are going to break are to be found. You go in by the side gate, and ask any of the grave-diggers where—"

"You infernal scoundrel," I shrieked, "this is my room. I have bought and paid for it, and I intend to have it. Do you hear?"

His response was merely the clapping of his hands together, and in a stage-whisper, leaning toward me, he said:

"Bravo! Bravo! You are great. I think you could do *Lear*. Say those last words again, will you?"

His calmness was too much for me, and I lost all control of myself. Picking up the water-bottle, I hurled it at him with all the force at my command. It crashed through him and struck the mirror over the wash-stand, and as the shattered glass fell with a loud noise to the floor the door to my state-room opened, and the Captain of the ship, flanked by the room steward and the doctor, stood at the opening.

"What's all this about?" said the Captain, addressing me.

"I have engaged this room for myself alone," I said, trembling in my rage, "and I object to that person's presence." Here I pointed at the intruder.

"What person's presence?" demanded the Captain, looking at the spot where the haunting thing sat grinning indecently.

"What person?" I roared, forgetting the situation for the moment. "Why, him — it — whatever you choose to call it. He's settled down here, and has been blackguarding me for twenty minutes, and, damn it, Captain, I won't stand it!"

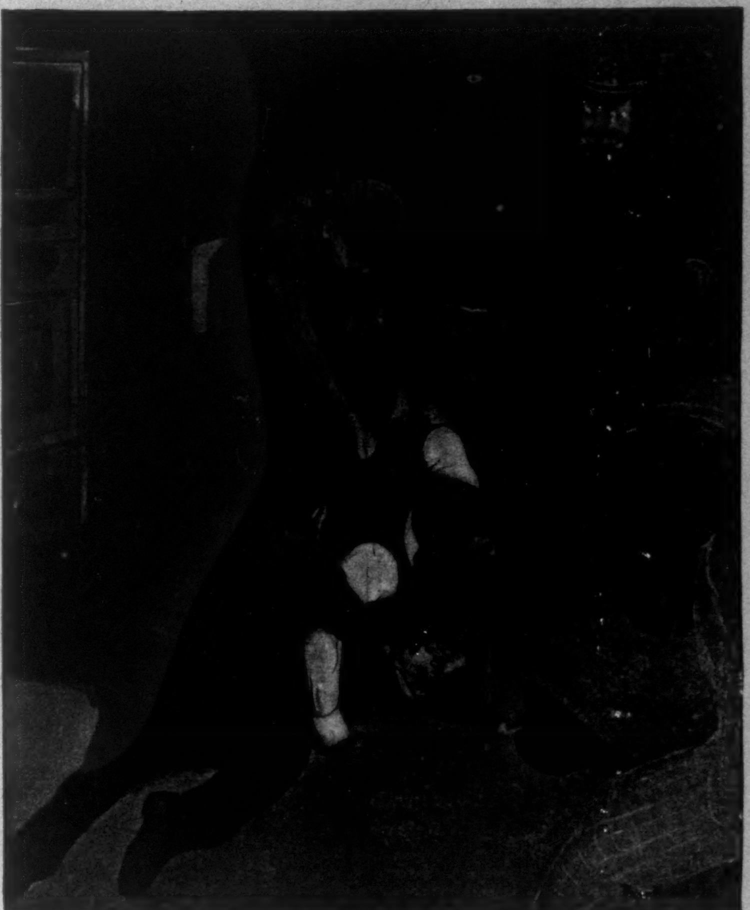
"It's a clear case," said the Captain, with a sigh, turning and addressing the doctor. "Have you a strait-jacket?"

"Thank you, Captain," said I, calming down. "It's what he ought to have, but it won't do any good. You see, he's not a material thing. He's buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, and so the strait-jacket won't help us."

Here the doctor stepped into the room and took me gently by the arm. "Take off your clothes," he said, "and lie down. You need quiet."

"I?" I demanded, not as yet realizing my position. "Not by a long shot. Fire *him* out. That's all I ask."

"Take off your clothes and get into that bed," repeated the doctor, peremptorily. Then he turned to the Captain and asked him to detail two of his sailors to help him. "He's going to be troublesome," he added, in a whisper. "Mad as a hatter."



"I WAS FORCIBLY UNCLAD AND THROWN INTO THE LOWER BERTH."

I hesitate, in fact decline, to go through the agony of what followed again by writing of it in detail. Suffice it to say that the doctor persisted in his order that I should undress and go to bed, and I, conscious of the righteousness of my position, fought this determination, until, with the assistance of the steward and the two able-bodied seamen detailed by the Captain at the doctor's request, I was forcibly unclad and thrown into the lower berth and strapped down. My wrath knew no bounds, and I spoke my mind as plainly as I knew how. It is a terrible thing to be sane, healthy, fond of deck-walking, full of life, and withal unjustly strapped to a lower berth below the water-line on a hot day because of a little beast of a cockney ghost, and I fairly howled my sentiments.

On the second day from Liverpool two maiden ladies in the room next mine made representations to the Captain which resulted in my removal to the steerage. They couldn't consent, they said, to listen to the shrieks of the maniac in the adjoining room.

And then, when I found myself lying on a cot in the steerage, still strapped down, who should appear but my little spectre.

"Well," he said, sitting on the edge of the cot, "what do you think of it now, eh? Ain't I a shover from Shoverville-on-the-Push?"

"It's all right," I said, contemptuously. "But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Spook—when I die and have a ghost of my own, that ghost will seek you out, and, by thunder, if it doesn't thrash the life out of you I'll disown it!"

It seemed to me that he paled a bit at this, but I was too tired to gloat over a little thing like that, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep. A few days later I was so calm and rational that the doctor released me, and for the remainder of my voyage I was as free as any other person on board, except that I found myself constantly under surveillance, and was of course much irritated by the notion that my spacious state-room was not only out of my reach, but probably in undisputed possession of the cockney ghost.

After seven days of ocean travel New York was reached, and I was allowed to step ashore without molestation. But my infernal friend turned up on the pier, and added injury to insult by declaring in my behalf certain dutiable articles in my trunks, thereby costing me some dollars which I should much rather have saved. Still, after the incidents of the voyage, I thought it well to say nothing, and accepted the hardships of the experience in the hope that in the far distant future my spook would meet his and thrash the very death out of him.

Well, things went on. The cockney spook left me to my own devices until November, when I had occasion to lecture at a certain college in the Northwest. I travelled from my home to the distant platform, went upon it, was introduced by the proper functionary, and began my lecture. In the middle of the talk, who should appear in a vacant chair well down toward the stage but the cockney ghost, with a guffaw at a strong and not humorous point, which disconcerted me! I broke down and left the platform, and in the small room at the side encountered him.

"Shove the fourth!" he cried, and vanished.

It was then that I consulted Peters as to how best to be rid of him.

"There is no use of talking about it," I said to Peters, "the man is ruining me. Socially with the Travises I am an outcast, and I have no doubt they will tell about it, and my ostracism will extend. On the *Digestic* my sanity is seriously questioned, and now for the first time in my life, before some two thousand people, I break down in a public lecture which I have delivered dozens of times hitherto without a tremor. The thing cannot go on."

"I should say not," Peters answered. "Maybe I can help you to get rid of him, but I'm not positive about it; my new scheme isn't as yet perfected. Have you tried the fire-extinguisher treatment?"

I will say here that Peters upon two occasions has completely annihilated unpleasant spectres by turning upon them the colorless and odorless liquids whose chemical action is such that fire cannot live in their presence.

"Fire, the vital spark, is the essential element of all these chaps," said he, "and if you can turn the nozzle of your extinguisher on that spook your ghost simply goes out."

"No, I haven't," I replied; "but I will the first chance I get," and I left him, hopeful if not confident of a successful exorcism.

On my return home I got out two of the extinguishers which were left in my back hall for use in case of an emergency, and tested one of them on the lawn. I merely wished to ascertain if it would work with spirit, and it did; it went off like a soda-water fountain loaded with dynamite, and I felt truly happy for the first time in many days.

"The vulgar little beast would better keep away from me now," I laughed. But my mirth was short-lived. Whether or not the obnoxious little chap had overheard, or from some hidden coign had watched my test of the fire-extinguisher I don't know, but when he came to my den that night he was amply protected against the annihilating effects of the liquid by a flaring plaid mackintosh, with a toque for his head, and the minute I started the thing squirting he turned his back and received the charge harmless on his shoulders. The only effect of the experiment was the drenching and

"HE WAS AMPLY PROTECTED BY A FLARING PLAID MACKINTOSH."

consequent ruin of a pile of MSS. I had been at work on all day, which gave me another grudge against him. When the extinguisher had exhausted itself, the spectre turned about and fairly raised the ceiling with his guffaws, and when he saw my ruined pages upon the desk his mirth became convulsive.

"De-lightful!" he cried. "For an impromptu shove wherein I turn over the shoving to you in my own behalf, I never saw it equalled. Wouldn't be a bad thing if all writers would wet down their MSS. the same way, now would it?"

But I was too indignant to reply, and too chagrined over my failure to remain within-doors, so I rushed out and paced the fields for two hours. When I returned he had gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—

ADAM and Eve had no occasion to keep Christmas in the Garden of Eden, and we have no record of what Christmas in a pure state of nature is like. When a pure state of nature prevailed on this earth there was no Christmas. That was an after-thought, prompted and made necessary maybe by the exceeding prevalence of hard work, and the need of saving out little stretches of time here and there to give folks a chance to forget all that about living by the sweat of their brows, and let them imagine for a few blessed hours that this world is really a place to live in, and not, as we all know it is, a place to work in, with breathing-spells. The intention was good, and the result is admirable, and we all admire and cherish it, but, dear me! we don't get even Christmas without working for it. It doesn't grow; it has to be made. In thousands and thousands of homes our American Christmas has been making for weeks—in some of them for months—past. As long ago as Horse Show week Madam From-out-of-Town, walking down Fifth Avenue with her eyes fixed in an intense oblivion on the shop windows, admitted to the acquaintance who roused her with his greeting that her whole mind was bent on Christmas presents and what to buy for whom. Forehanded women were embroidering everything, from shoe-bags to table embellishments, as long ago as last spring. Think what they have sewed into their Christmas offerings—their summer plans, their summer meditations, designs for children's winter clothes, economies, servant problems, literature, gossip—everything that runs through the head of the contemporary dame whose brain keeps equal pace with her fingers! And then the Christmas money has had to be earned, the Christmas turkeys fattened, and the cranberries bogged and ripened and gathered; all the Christmas books have had to be planned long, long ahead, all the stories and pictures fabricated and brought to market, all the toys invented and made, all plans of folks who are responsible for Sunday-schools and every kind of charity to be perfected and put in the way of accomplishment. Work! An enormous labor, and the better part of it done by women. It is not worth saying that there wouldn't be any Christmas except for women; for of course without women there wouldn't be anything in this world worth talking about except the prospect of getting away. Still, woman's energy and the immense value of her co-operation in making the wheels of life revolve are never more conspicuous than in everything that pertains to Christmas. She makes pretty much all the Christmas plans, makes all the gifts except the inglorious but indispensable sort which are bought in shops, invites all the company, cooks most of the dinners, and by keeping men busy carrying out her instructions contrives to make even them imagine that Christmas is partly their doing, and that they have earned the satisfactions that it yields to them. With enough women in one's family, it might even be possible to have some sort of a Christmas without children. There would be gifts exchanged and a conscientious effort to improve the occasion, whereas it is hard to conceive of isolated men attempting more of a celebration than a little more dinner than usual and an extra round of grog. That was the nature of the observance of Christmas with Nansen on the *Fram*, and there will doubtless be many such celebrations this year on the Klondike.

THINK WHAT THEY HAVE SEWED INTO THEIR CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

A LITTLE MORE DINNER THAN USUAL.

So there is a huge amount of Christmas work, and women do most of it, and it behooves men to take orders cheerfully, to execute them willingly, and both to work and to play under direction with as much zeal and earnestness, and at the same time with as near an approach to gayety, as possible. There must be Christmas play. The children will supply the bulk of that if they are given a fair chance, but their elders should try not to leave it all to them.

A little warmth, a little light,
Of love's bestowing—

It is such a busy world, and most people who keep their footing in it find that so engrossing a task, that perhaps we ought not to wonder that out of sight is so prone to be out of mind. Christmas or not, those whom we have immediately about us will be in our minds. If there is any warmth in us they will feel it; if any light, it will shine for them; but we are improvident persons if we are content with that. The thrifty householder who prayed Heaven to look after "me and my wife and my son John and his wife" was altogether too restricted in his supplications. We ought to let our warmth and our light and our love overflow freely at Christmas-time. It is the great opportunity the year brings us to enlarge the boundaries of our affections, to acknowledge ties of kinship, to recognize and revive old friendships, and to check the strong prevailing tendency of our time and country toward too strait an individualism, and too little concern for every one outside of ourselves and our own belongings. We are all members one of another, but too few of us realize it. That is partly because conditions are for so many people in such a constant state of change. Families are transplanted, and all their Christmas habits and traditions disturbed. New people surge in everywhere, especially in the greater cities. Folks are excusable if they are puzzled to know what their particular Christmas chances and obligations are. But the more change and the more loosening of old ties, the more need of forming new ones and preserving all that is possible of the old. To have a settled abiding-place and definite duties and privileges, and to stick to the place and perform the duties and enjoy the privileges, are in many respects an ideal condition in this world. That is the condition that we think of as characteristic of the English villages or the German towns, from which so many of our notions of Christmas-keeping come. Just for purposes of Christmas we would like all friends to be old friends, all neighbors to be neighbors of long standing, all places to be familiar. We would like to do what we have "always been used to do," provided, of course, that that is satisfactory in retrospect. Any one is excusable in being an old fogy about Christmas, and wanting to have a settled home and belongings, and in missing everything that was familiar and is gone. If we could have the feudal system turned on again for twenty-four hours every year, and have doings in the great hall of the castle, and wassail and boars' heads, yule-logs and bear-baiting, and the various pleasantries whereof the memory has come down, no doubt it would seem perfectly natural; and though it might scandalize reformers, and leave headaches in its wake, we should doubtless feel after it as though Christmas had really been here and we had kept it. Alas! we have not the advantages of feudal times. Yule-logs are scarce; miscellaneous wassail is unauthorized and frowned upon; bear-baiting has given place to football, and that is a Thanksgiving observance. Still, we do our best. Though less picturesque than our remote forebears, we are, of course, a good deal more comfortable. We still have children, and they have stockings (which children did not always have five centuries ago), and though fireplaces are scarcer than they were, stockings may be hung on a radiator, and are often found to have been filled overnight. Though we are not as closely moored to the soil as our ancestors were when they were serfs, we do sometimes have settled houses in which Christmas finds us, and when it does catch us in a new place, still we find certain compensations in the modern annihilation of space, which, though it breaks up families and scatters friends, still makes reunions comparatively easy and communication very easy indeed. Remember the overladen letter-carriers in Christmas week, and the incessant wagons of the express companies heaped high with parcels! All that testifies to the existence of love that defies separation, and of kindness stretching out through space to remember and remind.

WASSAIL AND BOAR'S HEADS.

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—

Only the young really have fun; only the young, and persons of whatever age who have managed to keep youth alive in them. Older persons have pleasures and satisfactions. Successes please them. They like to win; they like to accomplish their ends, and to make them meet, too, and if possible overlap. They like society and conversation, clothes, books, horses, and various gratifications of taste. They are capable of finding a good deal of satisfaction in Christmas gifts, not only because they love the givers, but because the things given please them. It is not altogether a waste of effort to give presents to adult persons. It pleases them after a fashion. If you have enough gifts to go around, let the grown-up have their share. Be kind to them. To become grown-up is the common lot. Scarcely any one evades it satisfactorily. It has happened to you, or, if not, it will presently; and for your own protection and in your own interest you should see that grown-ups have due consideration shown them. Feed them pretty well on Christmas day. They like to be well fed; you may have noticed that. If they have been hard-worked, make it holiday for them, and induce them to go out and walk about and prattle to one another. But don't let them play too hard. That is one of the weaknesses of the contemporary grown-ups. It is the fashion—a new fashion—for them to play every chance they get, and they are very apt to overdo it. If your grown-ups play golf, persuade them that eighteen holes are plenty enough for Christmas day; if they go out on bicycles, insist that ten miles and back is far enough. A grown-up discreetly managed is capable of absorbing a good deal of Christmas warmth, and of radiating some of it out again. But of course the real Christmas fun must be supplied by the young. Some observers hold that it has been unduly impressed upon this generation that its young people must have a good time. Ever so good a thing may be overdone, and excellent as the idea of making children happy is, there is the possibility of excess in it. But hardly at Christmas. It is recognized that at that season fun is indispensable, and that it is easier and more advantageous to grown-ups to get a good part of it vicariously. There is a time for all things, and the particular time for holiday fun is youth. It is interesting, to be sure, to shift the scenes and pull the strings that make the puppets move, but it is better sport to be young enough to sit out on the other side of the footlights and see the show. That is where children have the best of it. They are the audience, and the grown-ups are the actors, and the best reward the company can ask is to have the audience thoroughly pleased with the show. Happily the audience is not critical. It is eager to be happy, and ready to make the most of every chance. It magnifies every gift, and supplements rudimentary facts with a splendid bounty of imagination. It finds bliss in a book, joy in a pair of skates, delight in dolls, and loves a holiday for its own sake and because it is different. To be a boy at boarding-school and come home for the holidays—who that has known that pleasure ever forgets it? To be a schoolgirl and be let out to Christmas dances—bless me, the excitement of it, the delight of it! There is a deal of fun in living before the novelty of it has worn off. There is Christmas fun to be had always, but grown-up people's fun is like gold in quartz, that is only come by after hard work, while for youth it is like Klondike nuggets, waiting to be picked up out of the loose gravel.

THEY LIKE TO BE WELL FED.

A little faith that when we die
We reap our sowing.

If you can have no fun at all at Christmas-time something's the matter. Look to yourself; something is amiss with you. If it is grief, time will deaden if it does not heal it; if it is illness, please Heaven, that will pass away; if it is misfortune and the *res angustæ*, from that too Time brings promise of escape; if you have been at fault and are suffering for it, Christmas is a good time to be sorry in and to make reparation, if that is possible, and plan a new course. But what if you have lost the capacity for Christmas happiness because you have followed your own ends, your own ease, your own pleasure and profit, so long that the germ of the Christmas spirit seems to have died out in you? What if you can have no Christmas fun because you are too selfish to deserve it? If that is your case it is a very, very bad one, and you ought on no account to sit still under it. It is not only uncomfortable, but ominous. There may or may not be a hell hereafter, but there is no doubt about yours. It has come to you already. If you don't realize how badly off you are, the situation is pretty desperate, but if you recognize at all your own predicament, perhaps something may be done for you yet. Bad cases like yours have been cured before now. There was Scrooge. Somehow or other you must manage to add to some one's happiness. If you are a domestic ogre and are mean to your dependents, you must abate yourself. If you have neglected every one who had a natural claim on you until they all have passed out of your life, you must get them back into it again. If you have pursued a policy of exclusiveness until you have excluded every one who was willing to associate with you, you must drop that and try to get back into touch with humanity. The whole Christmas sentiment is permeated with solidarity. Good-will to men is its only indispensable ingredient. The great business of the season is to cultivate and develop good-will and to give evidences of it. That is why some people go to church, and why myriads of folks give presents and exert themselves to make Christmas merry for persons who are out of luck or short of the ordinary ap-

HUNG ON A RADIATOR.

MERRY FOR PERSONS WHO ARE OUT OF LUCK.

pliances for merriment. You of the atrophied heart, go through the motions of Christmas-keeping as well as you can. Perhaps if you are earnest about it a little of the spirit of the time may come even to you. Depend upon it, people in general would not take so much pains with Christmas if they were not pretty sure its observation was a necessary exercise. At least once a year we ought to get out of the rut of drudgery and bargaining and competition, and make an honest effort to behave as though the rest of mankind were not our rivals, but our brethren. Our ability to do that when Christmas comes is a convenient indication of the course we have been taking for the twelve months previous. If we have fallen quite out of the habit of Christian conduct we won't be able to assume it successfully for one day or one week, but if we can keep Christmas as we should, and find the Christmas impulses alive and ready in us, then we are warranted in entertaining sentiments of modest hopefulness about our own spiritual state, and in trusting that when our final account is made up the balance may not be irreparably against us. E. S. MARTIN.

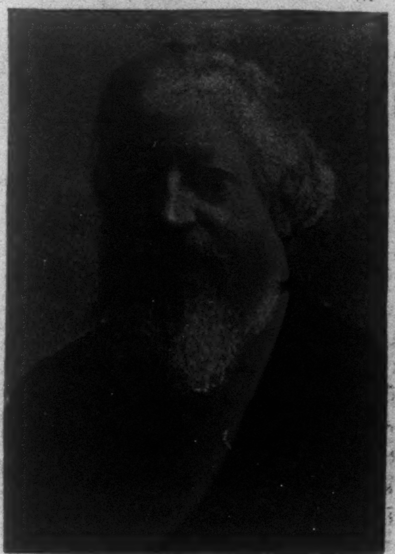
MUSIC.

WE have a vast deal of music at Christmas-tide, and we cannot have too much at the joyous festival. Only at Easter are the church choirs in such fine practice and thrown into so fine a pother, the choir-master so anxious and autocratic. Up in the many Early English and other sorts of steeples sweet bells are jangled in tune and out of tune as they are not set agoing even in Easter's spring-warmed air. But all this suitable singing and timely playing on everything from a cabinet organ to a carillon reminds us each year more decidedly of a lack. We need a Christmas oratorio. We have none. We have one imperfect, dearly beloved, and far from happy substitute. Each Christmas finds Handel's "The Messiah" brought forward, like a last year's balance. Duly and laboriously is that ancient work presented. It is strong in the affections of thousands of musical people, and a firm foundation is under it in the sentiment of tens of thousands of people who never go to any other concert in the whole twelvemonth. Owners of ears that cannot tell the Prize Song in Wagner's "Mastersingers" from the "Marseillaise" consider it the finest and most spiritual musical work ever composed by mortal man.

Really it is curious that even the fringe of self-satisfied philistia will not be a little more introspective as to "The Messiah"—to say nothing of such musical auditors as ought to know and to feel. "The Messiah" is not particularly an oratorio for Christmas. Its references to the Advent are in passing. It is really a work quite as much for Passion-Week, for Good-Friday; perhaps even more so. It was not composed as a specifically Christmas-time English oratorio, nor speedily became *quasi* such a thing. It does duty, therefore, as a venerable old makeshift. Its text is solemnly and nobly Biblical, but it is full of Handel's perfectly secular musical ideas. His "Saul" is a far finer oratorio in much. "The Messiah," indeed, jigs and warbles and countermarches along, full of Handelian formalisms and of empty and old-fashioned musical ornament, as if the subject were quite of the world worldly. Its really lofty and sacred-sounding episodes do not redeem its manner of musical utterance. The Birth in Bethlehem and the Shepherds are soon left behind, and thenceforward it pursues as topics a Passionistic course, and casts dogmas and theology into rhythms and part-writing. No, we cannot much longer accept "The Messiah" as a substitute for a true Christmas oratorio, and we need one badly. Mendelssohn doubtless could have written exactly the desired Christmas article, but the author of "Elijah" did not live to do so. Perhaps we shall have it from one of our own American composers. There are at least two or three from whose recent work in the oratorio field we might look for a strong effort to supply the long-continued lack. In France, César Franck's remarkable Christmastide score is taking a high place; and there are other aspiring modern compositions for the occasion that should be better known here than they seem to be. But the Continental composer is not to the manner born when it comes to English oratorio, as we wish it. The contemporary British musician is dully correct at it. Meantime "The Messiah" has its usual free course and glorification, sung at the hallowed and gracious time to the most unmusical audiences of the year, who flock to it and sit through it under a musical misapprehension. That error will only be broken by a new, really beautiful and lofty oratorio on the most beautiful and lofty central theme open to a contemporary musician's heart and hand.

It was to be expected that the Seidl Subscription Concerts, given each fortnight in the big and beautiful ballroom of the Astoria Hotel, would meet with the grumbles of the grumblers and the censorship of the censors. Their musical motto is David's "Who will show us any good?" Nothing in New York particularly excellent escapes this sort of attention. As a matter of fact, this Astorian series is, we will not say incomparably, but distinctively, among the most artistic and otherwise enjoyable musical incidents of the winter, so far. The artists are of the first choice. Mr. Seidl has never had as fine a band, nor has he presented programmes of nicer judgment—dignified yet not severe, familiar music yet not overheard music. The hall is as perfect a concert-hall as heart could wish. It happens to be the only one in the city that is spacious enough to accommodate the tone of a full-sized orchestra and to seat a very considerable audience, without being too big and too cavernous for even a chamber-concert, given to a relatively small attendance. Mr. Seidl, as a conductor, admirably gauges the room's dimensions. The orchestra is in excellent proportion. The result is a rich sonority of tone without noisiness. The assumed informality, though rather nominal indeed, is pleasant to those whose ton acquaintance is round about them. The relief from rows of chairs and rows of backs is double. An ice, too, even after a symphony, ought not to be taken as a personal or artistic insult. Let us not to the marriage of Beethoven and a tortoni admit impediment. Wagner with beer and sandwiches is canonical at Baireuth. The fifth concert in the series is set for this week. That recent fourth one, in which Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" one, and the Bacchanal following it, and Mr. Joseffy played Chopin's Concerto in E minor as only Mr. Joseffy plays it—it was a concert to remember. Our brilliant seasons give us nothing more perfect in the way of an evening's music-making.

Alexander Guilmant is not merely a great organist. He is a very great one. His position relative to his instrument is not merely national, but universal. There are giants in these days at the organ, and Guilmant is of them. From Moscow to San Francisco he has few peers. Guilmant is now about sixty years old; a Frenchman to his finger-tips. From his high seat in the dim organ-loft of fashionable La Trinité church in Paris he can look down and over a career of superiority and fame almost from the start. He has "presided at the organ"—as the country editor loves to put it—ever since 1871. It was not a golden period for Parisian organists, that date; but in a short time the new organist, a successor to Chauvet, was drawing all Paris to hear mass and vespers, as not before, to the stately temple named. His repute grew fast. In 1878 Guilmant did much more than preach the great style of organ-playing in La Trinité; he inaugurated his famous recitals in the huge Trocadéro music-hall. There, last summer, our own Mr. Clarence Eddy won deserved laurels, not a little under M. Guilmant's friendly and admiring management. The Trocadéro recitals have been among the distinctive musical "features" of Paris each season. Guilmant, in fact, has been an institution, a missioner, a pioneer in instructing France in the glories of Bach and Wesley and Mendelssohn, and the highest eclecticism of organ composition. Against the trumpery claptrap and belittlement, by the average Parisian organist, of the more serious and authoritative of all instruments, Guilmant has set his face like the north wind. He tolerates none of such music-making. He is not only a consummate player. He is a profound interpreter of deep organ music, a refined and solid composer, and a sincere musician. There is a kind of Jovian splendor about him. There are no tricks as tricks, no artifices *ad captandum*. A Bach fugue from him is a revelation, and an improvised voluntary or recessional is a rapture. Guilmant is a se-



ALEXANDER GUILMANT.

verely worked organist, and in spite of two eminent assistants in La Trinité, the MM. Bouichère and Salomé, he carries the burden of the elaborated parts of the services in his hands. Nevertheless, he has been forced to become a visiting and a touring artist. It is said that nobody in France "opens" so many new organs as does he. His brief visit to this country, at the time of the Columbian Exposition, proved most impressive, West and East. He will be heard now, more at leisure, with new respect and acclaim. His arrival here last week is among the winter's distinguished professional events.

The burial of Adolf Neundorff, violinist, composer, and conductor, especially known to New York in the last capacity, occurred last week. Mr. Neundorff was a figure of dignity and value in our musical annals. Somehow he never really quite "arrived." Yet Neundorff went far on the way to that desirable participle. He was by birth a Hamburger. He came to the United States as far back as the earlier eighteen hundred and fifties. His activities as an operatic leader, and as, occasionally, the working musical head of some of our most important orchestral associations (including the Philharmonic Society), kept him fitfully but favorably in the notice of the musical public. In New York musical growth he stands among Mr. Theodore Thomas's coworkers. The first American hearings of "Lohengrin," "The Valkyr," and "Rienzi" occurred under Mr. Neundorff's efficient bâton, back in what are nearly our prehistoric Wagnerian days. He was a progressive and active-minded man in his art. With his wife, Madame Georgine von Januschovsky, Mr. Neundorff made his home in Vienna for several seasons; occasionally he acted as an assistant in operatic matters there. Last summer he led the excellent open-air concerts of the Madison Square Garden. His health, however, grew quite unsatisfactory, and the past few months have been a hopeless struggle with disease. He was in his fifty-fifth year when death came to him—a solidly educated, conservative, and efficient leader, in many respects a superior one. His biography probably will never be written. It would make what Horace Greeley called "mighty interesting reading."

Music walks much in silk attire and white gloves this season. We are in a fair way to forget its democratic aspects, so far as in course of a hundred years it has been assuming such aspects. The latest of the winter's musical entertainments under modish care comes from the Society of the Musical Arts. This *cercle* has begun its amiable offices with so strong an accentuation of the conditions of a dinner or a ball that it is to the credit of the stage-artists to have campaigned as successfully as some of them did last week. The subscription to this new society is for seven entirely private performances of operetta, ballet, and concert. It is of the most representative kind. The Astoria ballroom was a radiant spectacle the other evening with whatever opulence of good looks, fine toilets, and an occasional contingent of absolute youth and beauty our city's very smart circle can muster. The Society's performances, which already have been outlined here in anticipation, embraced Adam's "Le Chalêt," an old fashioned, prettyish little score in one act, by that graceful French composer Adam; a piece that seems rather colorless and hollow in these degenerate days of murderous operettas and of orchestral *paprika*. An opera-heroine, who is merely "a queen of curds and cream," is not so fashionable in the lyric drama nowadays as one after the pattern of Mrs. Augusta Nack, of retentive memory. "Le Chalêt," however, was well sung by four principals—exceedingly well as to Mr. Thomas Salignac in the title rôle of *Daniel*—and it pleased the audience, even if its French seemed to be a matter of intense and anxious study to many of those present. Mlle. Brélor, as the heroine, has no charm of voice or face; but, like many French opera-sopranos in the like predicament, she throws herself into her work with a vivacity and a sincere quality which go far. Mr. Morel was a fair but amateurish *Max*. The ballet "Callirhoë," by Mlle. Chaminade (just now prominent among the French women composers, and really of a clever musical fancy and orchestral technique), is a little large for the Astoria's portable stage-setting; but it was made colorful, well danced, and it was received with much favor. Mr. Edgar S. Kelley's interesting and delightful "Chinese" Suite called "Aladdin" was out of place in an evening of musical frivolity. Its worth was apparently little known to the audience, who talked joyously all through what fragments were presented under Mr. Kelley's own leading. Thereupon the house kindly applauded when the music nobody had heard was quite done. As a further expiation—perhaps accidental—Mr. Kelley's little Chinese ditty, "The Lady Picking Mulberries," sung nearly inaudibly by Miss Grace Gregory, was rapturously received. In fine, the evening was one of emphatic social enjoyment to those most concerned, the large and fashionable subscription; and Mr. Clarence Andrews has good omens for a somewhat difficult and certainly an expensive enterprise, however patronized. By-the-bye, it is a pity that it has not a better name. There are twenty titles better and more suitable. Besides, this misleading one runs elbows into another serious and well-established musical series. Might not "Society and Some Musical Art" serve?

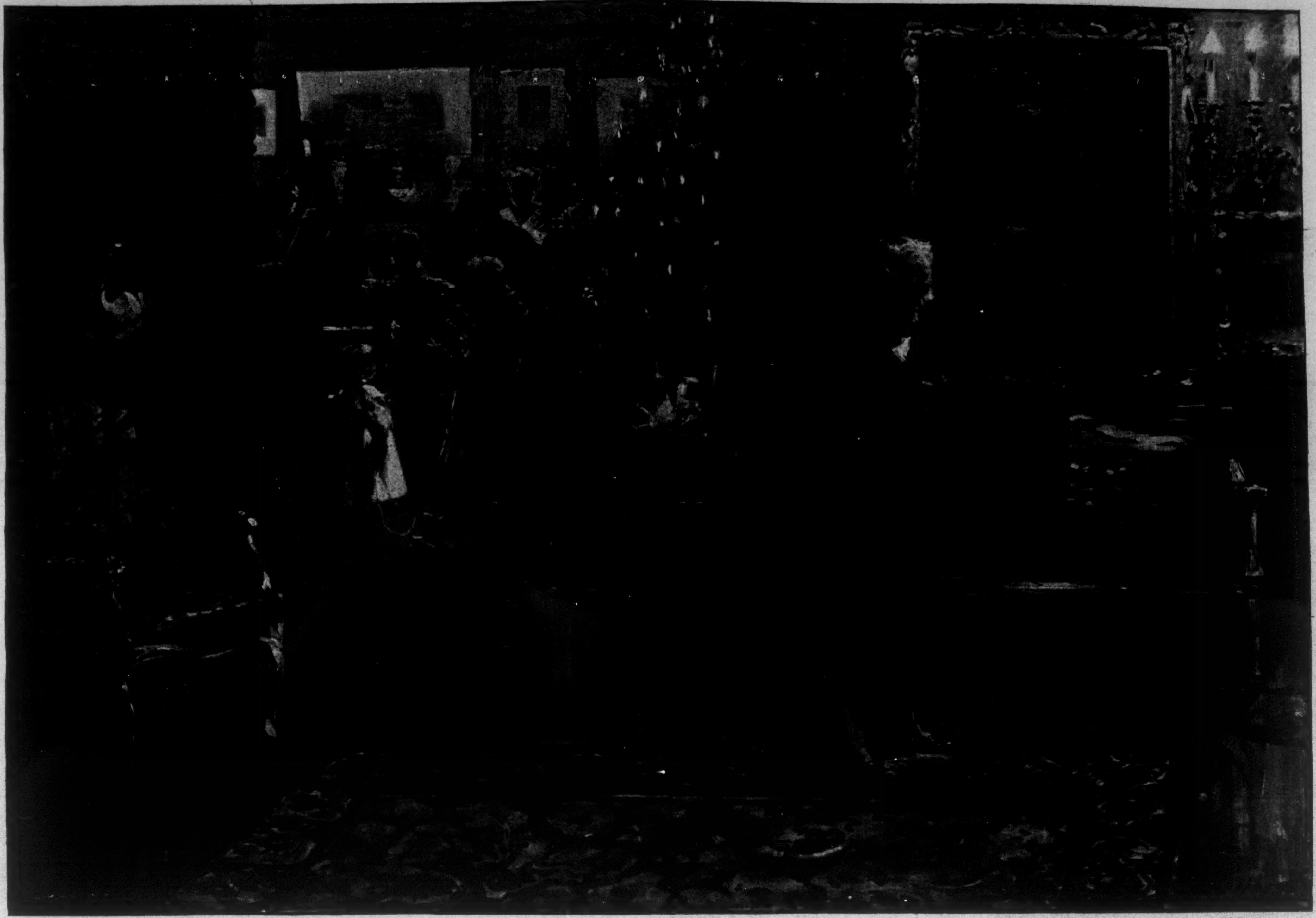
There ought to be that editorial long-boat, an omnibus paragraph, in every music-reviewer's control this winter. Unless he can take to it, he needs a journal with no other object than talking of the concert events of one week after another. As an instance in hand, the Oratorio Society of New York, with an excellent revival of Gounod's "The Redemption," must be passed with a word or so recording the enthusiastic work of Mr. Damrosch's choir and of a most efficient group of soloists, including Madame Gadski, Miss Zora Hörlocker, Miss Fielding Roselle, and the Messrs. Bispham, Rieger, and Bushnell. The Philharmonic Society's second set of concerts of the season were of last week, with Mr. Pugno announced as the soloist. The Chickering Hall series has also reached its second concert, Mr. Xaver Scharwenka making a pianistic reappearance. There have been at least half a dozen chamber-music afternoons or evenings. The Kaltenborn Quartet (there is really not room to give the full and cumbrous name of this capital new organization), the New York Chamber-Music Club, the always delightful vocal recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel—whose art needs no change or refreshing, even if their repertory does—these by no means concluded the succession of incidents not to be enlarged on here for lack of space. There were six organ recitals, including a remarkable one by Mr. Fred Wolle, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Mr. W. J. Henderson's informing lecture on Tuesday, "The Orchestra Explained," and Mr. Skilton's conference on "The Sonata Form," are the practically illustrated musical discussions of the week.

Professor Edward MacDowell is not to be restricted to his grave professional duties at Columbia University. He still will be able to attest himself as one of our best American pianists, not to speak of the composer of those broad works by which we know him as a composer. Under the auspices of the Senior Class of Barnard College, Professor MacDowell is to be heard this week in a special afternoon recital in the College auditorium.

There can be no doubt that the "Mastersingers" has taken Paris by storm. The other chief operatic incident in the French capital is the first performance of Massenet's new work, "Sapho"—the libretto based on Daudet's novel—at the Opéra Comique.

There has been no earlier opportunity to speak of the capital lyric and dramatic work of Madame Kopaczy, who has been an importation of wisdom and popularity at the Irving Place Theatre. To Americans who visit with some regularity Vienna and other Austrian and German capitals Madame Kopaczy has needed no special cisatlantic introduction. She is now singing in Strauss's "Waldmeister." Her vogue, and diverting stories of her, to which even the mechanical German press is not deaf and dumb, have given her a lively notability across the ocean. It was to Madame Kopaczy that the Vienna *Tagblatt* referred when—on her breaking an engagement without even a night's notice, because of what she felt was a manager's *lèse-majesté* to any prima-donna—that journal said that hereafter there should be a flag waving on the spire of St. Stephen's signalling the indispositions and caprices of all operetta-singers engaged for Vienna. The same paper also suggested that a salvo, and a Te Deum sung inside the old church, would be a contract-clause in Madame Kopaczy's future arrangements with managers at Vienna.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



A CHRISTMAS HYMN.—Drawn by Arthur I. Keller.

"THE VINTAGE."*

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIS voice trembled so that at first he could not form the words, but at last, getting it more in control, "My daughter," he said, "we will rest here a little, until the noon heat is past. And—and, for the love of God, answer me a few questions. When was it you went to live in the house of the Turk?"

His anxiety made his voice harsh, and the girl shrank from him. He saw it, and it cut him to the heart.

"Ah, my poor lamb," he said, "have pity on me, and answer me."

"It was ten years ago," said Suleima, "or perhaps twelve. I do not very well know."

"Can you remember anything about it?"

Suleima shook her head wearily. "I do not know; I was so young. And I am so tired, father. Let me sleep a little, and when I wake up I will tell you. You have been very kind to me."

And she dozed off, and slept without moving for near an hour, with Andréa sitting by her. Then she stirred in her sleep, and without opening her eyes, shifted her head so that it rested on his knee, and so slept again. At last she stirred, and seeing him above her, sat up.

"Has Mitsos come?" she asked. "Will he come soon? I have slept so well," and she smiled at him like a child, for no reason except that she smiled. "You were asking me—" she said at length.

"Yes, yes," said Andréa.

"It is so little I remember," she said; "I was so young. But it was near Athens somewhere I was carried off to the house of Abdul Achmet—"

"Abdul Achmet?" whispered Andréa.

"Yes, Abdul Achmet. He lived in Athens then; he moved to Nauplia afterwards. It was in the summer, too; that I remember. And I was with my father."

She had sunk down again with her head on his knee, but here she raised herself on her elbow and looked at him.

"He was a priest, yes. He must have been a priest, for he had long black robes and long hair—only his hair was black, not gray, like yours. Ah—"

Then to Andréa the blessed relief of tears came, the great sobs that came from a man's heart, a pain, and an exquisite happiness; and lifting her closer to him, he kissed her.

"Theodora!" he cried. "Little lost one! Ah, ah, merciful and compassionate God! Do you not remember, my little one? Do you not know? Your father—am not I he whom you called father as soon as you saw me? God put that word in your mouth, my darling. God sent me to fetch you, and I who would have murdered you—oh, Blessed Mother of compassion and sorrows!—I—Theodora, Theodora, the gift of God!"

Half an hour after they had gone, Nicholas with a few Mainotes had cut his way down to where he was told Abdul Achmet's house stood, mindful of his promise to Mitsos. Two or three of the Argives, who had taken possession of it, and were ransacking the rooms for whatever booty they could secure, stood at the door, and told them that the prize was theirs.

"Oh, man," said Nicholas, "I came not for booty, nor the gold which is yours. But there is a Greek woman in the house. It is she whom I seek."

The men still seemed disposed to resent his entry, but they knew him, and, even in the face of all the disgrace the captains had brought, believed him clean-handed.

"Come," said he again; "I take nothing from the house, and when I go out you shall search me if you will. Only take me to where the women are."

The women of the harem had been locked in the room overlooking the narrow street by which Suleima had fled, while the men searched the rest of the house; and Nicholas, hearing that the Mayor Dimitri was of the party, told him what he wanted.

"Of course, you may go in," he said. "Here, one of you, take him to the room."

The women were sobbing and wailing together, and one cried out in Turkish as Nicholas entered,

"Kill us if you will, but be quick."

"I touch you not," said Nicholas. "Tell me—is there not a Greek woman among you?"

Zuleika, for it was she who had spoken, stopped crying for a moment.

"She has gone," she said. "Oh, that I had gone with her! She would not stop within, but went down stairs, and out, I suppose. And in a few days she will have a baby."

Nicholas looked through the house from roof to cellar, but found her not.

"Ah, poor lad," he thought, "but this will be bitter news; for if she has gone into the streets, God save her!"

It was now one hour past noon, and in the hot breathless air already the thick sour smell of blood hung about the street. The square was a shambles, neither more nor less, and the dead lay about in heaps. With the peasants from the country had come in hungry-looking, half-wild dogs, and as Nicholas passed the square again, now deserted by the besiegers for the great mass of the town which lay higher up the slope towards the citadel, two or three of these slunk away, with red, dripping mouths, from their horrible feast; but one, hungrier or bolder than the rest, stood there over the body of a child, snarling at him. The sight sickened him, and he shot the animal through the head. Black patches of flies swarmed in hundreds over the congealed pools of blood, and rose with a sudden whir and buzz as he approached.

The heat was stifling, and from the tower, where he had planted it but four hours ago, the flag hung in folds round its staff. The deadly taint of death was in the air, with the foul odors of flesh already putrefying. Nicholas felt suddenly faint and weary; but seeing a stream of water running down one of the gutters in the square, all red and turbid, he followed it up and found where it sprang from—a leaden pipe out of a lion's mouth in one of the side streets. He drank deeply of it, and bathed his face and hands in it, and feeling refreshed, followed on towards where he knew the Mainotes would be. Mixed with the dead were not a few Greeks, and as he passed up the street he saw, with a sudden pang of horror, three or four bodies, apparently lifeless, stir, and from below there came out the hand of a living man, striving to get hold of something to pull himself up by. Nicholas turned the bodies off, and found a Greek soldier below, whom he carried into the shade, and fetched him water. The man was but slightly wounded in the arm, and the gash was already beginning to clot over, and Nicholas, having bound up the place with a strip of his fustanella, left him, for there was much work before him.

Right and left from the houses in the street came cries and screams, and now and then a woman, with her clothes perhaps half torn off her, would steal out like a cat, and seeing Nicholas, either steal back again or run from him. After each of these he shouted some sentence in Greek, but got no response. Once a child ran up to him, howling with tears and pain, and showed him a horrible gash in its arm, wantonly inflicted by one of his countrymen, babbling to him in Turkish that it could not find its mother. Then Nicholas, despite his fierce vows to have pity neither on man, woman, nor child for the wrong that had been done to him and his by that pitiless race, waited ten minutes to bind up the wound, and—for what else could he do?—bade the child get out of the town and wait there.

On his way he passed several Greek soldiers, one dragging a woman after him, another with his hands full of gold and silver, the smaller pieces of which dripped through his fingers as he walked. Nicholas inquired where the Mainotes were, and was told he should find a number of them at a big square house on the slope up to the citadel gate, which they had just entered. Fighting seemed to be going on in an upper story, and, even as he watched, a group of men, Turks and Greeks mixed, appeared on the house-top. Next moment two, who were struggling together, toppled and fell against the thin railing which lined the roof; it broke under their weight, and both men, still clutching at each other's throat, fell toppling over into the street, with a horrid crash and sound of breaking. The Turk was living, and moved feebly, but the head of the Mainote was smashed like an egg.

At that moment Yanni appeared at the door of the house, his face flushed and the fire of fighting hot upon him.

"You here!" he cried to Nicholas. "We thought you must be dead. Oh, how wild Mitsos will be when he finds that he's been out of it!"

"It is of Mitsos, too, I am thinking," said Nicholas,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"Oh, Yanni, come and help me; there are butchers enough. Help me to find her."

Yanni stared at him a moment before he understood. "Suleima?" he cried. "God forgive us all! Is she here? and I had forgotten; and there are women in there, and the Mainotes are gone mad! If she is there—" and he threw down his knife and looked at his hands, which were red-caked with blood and dust.

"Come and search for her, Yanni," said Nicholas again. "She is not in the house of Abdul, and every moment that she is in the streets may be her last."

"She left the house—are you sure?" asked Yanni. "Where is it? Let us run there."

"I have been already," said Nicholas. "See, Yanni: you go one way and I will go another, and we will meet here in an hour. Speak to every woman whom you see in Greek."

"Yes, yes," said Yanni. "Which way shall I go? Oh, Mitsos, poor little Mitsos, and I killed two women myself, for they had knives and tried to stab me."

"Here! stop a minute, and be sensible," said Nicholas, for the boy seemed half beside himself. "Pick up your knife again; you were going unarmed. Do not stop even to kill. Walk about; go where you hear a woman cry—God forgive us, but that is a task for a hundred!—and speak to all in Greek. And be back here in an hour. Where is Petrobey?"

"In the house," said Yanni, and went off in the direction Nicholas had told him.

On that day of madness Petrobey was one of the few who had kept their heads, and getting together a few sensible men, he systematically worked his way up the street, stopping only to kill where there were signs of resistance. Open doors and men flying unarmed he left alone; there were plenty to do work like that, but he forced door after door where barricades had been put up, or attacked bodies of soldiers who still from time to time charged out of some house or other, trying to force their way out to one of the gates. Without him and a few other resolute bands of men it is possible that great slaughter would have taken place among the unarmed rabble who had followed the camp, and that a considerable body of men would have collected, and forced their way out of the city and over the now undefended hills to Argos or Nauplia. He had also ordered up a train of provision-mules for the Mainotes who were with him, under an armed escort, and these had just arrived before Nicholas came up.

"Stay with us and eat, dear cousin," he said to Nicholas, "for men cannot fight fasting. And, oh, Nicholas, but my life and all I have are yours, for you did not fail me when God and man forsook me."

"Give me something, then, to take with me," said Nicholas, "for I have work before me. That girl of Mitsos's had left the house before I got there, and God knows where she is, alive or dead. I love the lad, and indeed we owe him a debt we can never repay for all he has done, and I should never forgive myself, nor hope for forgiveness, if I did not do what I could to find her."

Petrobey shook his head. "She may have taken refuge in some other house," he said "If not—"

"Why should she fly from one house to another? If she is alive, she is either somewhere in the streets, or it is just possible she has escaped."

Petrobey shook his head again. "One woman fly in the face of that mob! God be with you for a kind heart, Nicholas! Poor little Mitsos! poor lad!"

Nicholas tore off a crust of bread, and staying only to swallow a draught of wine, went out again into the blinding glare of the streets.

Everywhere it was the same ghastly scene over again: heaps of bodies; gutters with slow, oily streams of blood flowing and congealing; here a Turk wounded and in the last agony of death; there some young country lad, shot through the heart, lying with open mouth and glazed eyes, which stared unblinkingly at the sun. Sometimes a woman lay across the path, while a little baby, still living and unhurt, lay beside where she had fallen and groped with feeble automatic hands for her breast. By them all without stopping went Nicholas, peering about for any sign of a living woman, but seeing none. Very few apparently had been so desperate as to run into the street like Suleima, and though he felt the search wellnigh hopeless, he went on. Once he came across a woman lying in the path, not yet dead, and as he bent over her she opened her eyes, and spoke to him in Turkish. Nicholas questioned her in Greek, but she did not understand, and he went on again. In a little more than an hour he was back again, and found Yanni waiting for him, but he, too, had seen no sign of her they had never seen but sought.

All that afternoon the work went on, and at sunset Petrobey set a strong watch at all the gates, and himself, with most of the men, went to sleep in the camp again, where the air was less stifling, and the poisonous breath from the murdered town came not. But Nicholas, who hoped against hope, would not leave the place; by night, he thought, if Suleima was in hiding somewhere in the town, she might try to steal back to the house, or attempt to escape by one of the gates, and he sat in the doorway of Abdul Achmet's, waiting, till he fell asleep from sheer weariness, having seen naught but the dogs stealing about on their ghastly errands. He woke early, before it was dawn, feeling ill and shivering, and thinking that it came only from exposure to the night air, got up and walked about, waiting for day. As soon as it was light he went out of the south gate to the Mainote camp, and had breakfast with Petrobey, who shook his head sadly over the absence of news.

Some sort of order was restored in the camp that day, and a third part of each of the four regular corps was stationed to blockade the citadel, while the others, in a more orderly manner and under the command of officers, went on with the sack of the town. The rabble who had passed in the day before were driven out of the town, and a watch was set at each of the gates; but these measures were only half successful, for many took hiding in the deserted houses, or, having been ejected, climbed back again at the Argive tower, or at other points of the walls where they could find entrance. Already many of the Greeks were ill with an ill-defined fever, which Petrobey put down to the effects of the foul, pestilence-laden atmosphere, and he employed a number of men to cart the corpses out of the city and burn them. But they were not able to keep pace with the massacre, which went on all day, and that evening the fever took a more pronounced and violent form in many of the cases, and before the morning of the 7th fifty or more Greeks, chiefly countrymen who had slept two nights in the streets, were dead.

Just before dawn, on the 7th, a party of Turks made a sortie from the citadel, and broke through the Greek lines. The alarm was given at once by the sentries, but the Turks were already among them before they were able to make any resistance, and after not more than ten minutes' fighting they had broken their way through, and were rushing down the street towards the Argive gate. The guard there had sprung to arms at the sound of the disturbance above, and they engaged the Turks with somewhat more success, but more than half the original number got through, and made straight for the unguarded hills behind the plain and Argos.

Nicholas, who had passed a feverish, tossing night, feeling weak and weary, yet unable to sleep, had sprung up at once on the first sound, and was among the first to meet the charge. In the darkness the fighting was wild and random; they fought with shadows; and parrying a sword-thrust aimed at his head, though he turned the blow aside, he felt the weapon wound him just below the shoulder, and the edge grate on the bone. Such rough aid as could be given him was at once administered, his arm was tightly bound about the wound to stop the bleeding from the severed artery, and, after the rough but often effective surgery of the day, the end of the artery was bound up, and the edges of the wound were brought together. No serious consequences were expected, for the flow of blood was soon checked, but for the present any further search for Suleima was out of the question. But, a couple of hours later, he grew more feverish and restless, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th he was delirious, down with that swift and terrible fever which during the past night had already claimed many victims.

At mid-day the citadel surrendered unconditionally, from want of water, for the whole supply had come from the lower town, and ten minutes later the Greek flag was flying from the tower.

The shouts with which it was hailed roused Nicholas, who had sunk into a heavy sort of stupor, and he found Yanni sitting by his side.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have they found Suleima?"

"It is the citadel, which has surrendered," said Yanni. "They have hoisted the flag on the tower."

Nicholas half raised himself. "Then the Morea is free from Corinth to Maina," he said. "Oh, merciful and gracious Virgin! It only remains to find Suleima."

Presently after he sunk back into a stupor again, though every now and then he would stir and mutter something to himself.

"Why does not the boy come?" he said once. "Tell him I want him. I did all I could to find her, but it was no use. Little Mitsos, there will be no more fire-ships.... it was a devilish task to set you.... don't you see the flag is flying? Tripoli has fallen; the Turks and their lusts are over forever; we are free!"

Then, suddenly, in the loud strong voice which Yanni knew so well, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!" he cried.

The news had run about the camp that Nicholas was down with the fever, and for a moment all paused when they heard. As every man in the place knew, his was the glory of the deed, and he the chiefest among those few to whose name honor, and nothing disgraceful, no weak deed or infirm purpose, was written. They had moved him out of the town, on to the higher ground of the citadel, and into the top room of the tower on which the flag was flying. Those of the men who had any knowledge of medicine came flocking up to the citadel, begging to be allowed to see him, and suggesting a hundred remedies; and of these Petrobey chose one, who seemed to be sensible, and who, it appeared, had pulled a man through the worst of the fever, and he gave Nicholas such remedies as they could get.

That afternoon there was a division of the spoils taken, and in the evening—but not before a terrible and bloody deed had been done—three corps went back to their homes, the Mainotes alone remaining. The Argives and Mainotes, at any rate, had no hand in that devilish work, which must be passed over quickly. All the Turks, men, women, and children, who were still found alive were driven to the ravine behind Trikorpha, and some two thousand in number were all murdered.

It was indeed time to leave that pestilence-stricken town. During the day the fever had broken out with redoubled virulence among all those who had quartered themselves in the lower parts of the town, and the Angel of Death followed the three victorious battalions into Arcadia, Argos, and Laconia, striking them right and left, and strewing the road with dying men. The judgment of God for those three ruthless days had come quickly.

Mitsos's father, who had escaped unhurt, doing his quiet duty in the ranks of the Argives from the first, saw Petrobey before he left.

"Tell Mitsos to come quickly," he said. "And did you know Father Andréa has not been seen since the first morning?"

Meantime, in the north, it was found that the rumor of the Turkish landing was groundless, and Prince Demetrius was hurrying back to Tripoli. Germanos had joined him, but two days' march off the town news of its capture was brought to them, on which Mitsos obtained permission to go on ahead, to report the Prince's coming, and announce that no landing of Turks had taken place. He travelled night and day, for his heart gave him wings, and late on the night of the 8th he reached Tripoli.

The unutterable stench in the streets struck him like death, and turned consciousness to a horrible dread. Shutting his eyes to the ghastly wreckage that strewed the streets, more horrible even than in daylight under the dim filtering light from the clear-swept sky, he went quickly up to the citadel, where he supposed the troops would be. He was challenged by the sentry at the gate, who, seeing who he was, admitted him at once, and he was taken straight to Petrobey's quarters, in the room just below where Nicholas lay.

The boy's voice was raised in eager question, but Petrobey hushed him.

"My poor lad," he said, "you must be brave; for we know you can be brave. We have not found her, and in the room above Nicholas lies dying. He has been asking for you; go to him at once, little Mitsos. I will send you food there."

Mitsos gave one gasping sigh. "She may be here," he said. "Where are the women and the prisoners?"

"There are no women and there are no prisoners," said Petrobey.

Mitsos stood silent a moment, looking at the other with bright dry eyes, and swaying a little as he stood. "And Uncle Nicholas is dying, and asked for me?" he said. "Let me go to him."

The room was lighted by an oil-lamp, turned low, and shaded from the sick man. Yanni, who had been watching all night, was lying on the floor, dozing from sheer weariness, but he woke at the sound of Mitsos entering and got up. "Oh, Mitsos, you have come," he whispered. "He has asked for you so often."

"Leave me alone here," said Mitsos. And the two were left together.

Nicholas was lying with eyes only half closed, and Mitsos knelt by the bed. "Uncle, dear uncle," he said, "I have come."

Nicholas only frowned, and passed his hand wearily over his eyes. The other bandaged arm was lying outside the thin bed-covering under which he lay. "I looked everywhere," he muttered, "and I could not find her. Will little Mitsos ever forgive me, I wonder? Yet I did all I could. Why does not the dear lad come? Has he forsaken me? No, it will never do! This traffic brings disgrace on us all. Stop it, Petrobey; stop it, in God's name! Ah, that is better. Up, up, hand over hand! Quick! Give me the flag. Where is the flag? Oh, devils of the pit, but give it me! Yes, I will pay you well to give it me, if that is what you want. Ha! up with it!"

The muttering sank down again into silence, and the eyelids drooped wearily. Mitsos, kneeling there, felt that the life was leaving him. Suleima dead, Nicholas dying, there was but little left of the Mitsos he knew. Dry-eyed he knelt there, in the blank, black despair of a hopeless anguish. If only it was he who was lying there! There was nothing to live for, everything was gone in this moment of victory, when his heart should have been soaring and singing. Petrobey brought him in food and wine, but he could not even look at it. "Leave me alone," was all he said. "I will call you if he wants you. Oh, go man," he said, in a shrill whisper. "May not my heart break in peace?"

It had been past midnight when Mitsos came in, and already the stars were beginning to pale in the east, when Nicholas stirred and woke. He saw Mitsos by him, and knew him, and smiled to him. He spoke faintly.

"Ah, little Mitsos," he said, "so you have come at last; but not much too soon. My poor lad, you know I did all I could. Yanni and I looked for her everywhere, but found her not. Oh, little Mitsos, my heart is bleeding for you. Tell me you know I did all I could."

At the sound of that dear voice, obeying again the will and the brain of the man he loved, no longer wandering idly, a thing apart from him, Mitsos broke down utterly.

"Oh, you will break my heart if you speak like that," he sobbed. "I know—how can I but know?—that you did all the best and noblest of men could do. Oh, uncle, I cannot do without you. Oh, come back, come back."

Nicholas's hand gently stroked the boy's head, as he knelt with his face buried in the bedclothes.

"Why, Mitsos, Mitsos," he said, "what is this? We are being but poor weak people—I whom the merciful God is taking, and you whom He wills shall live, and go on with the work we have begun. A man's life is but short, but God knows mine has been partly very sweet, and out of what was bitter he has given us a wonderful victory. From Corinth to Maina, little one, a free people thanks Him. But that is not all—from Thermopylæ to Corinth must those thanks go up, and it is to you, first among all the first, for whom that work is waiting. Promise me, little one, you will not fail."

"I promise—oh, I promise," sobbed Mitsos; "but what am I without you?"

"A God-fearing lad, and a strong, brave one," said Nicholas. "And the God of our fathers will be with you, as He has been with you till now. Tell me, is the Prince coming back here?"

"He is on his way, and Germanos too."

Nicholas frowned, and raised his voice a little.

"I will not die with a lie on my lips," he said. "He is a bad man. I forgive him not; and see that you do not trust him."

"Oh, uncle," said Mitsos, "what does it matter now? Think of him not at all, then. This is no time for little things."

Nicholas lay silent a moment, still stroking Mitsos's hair.

"After all, what does it matter?" he said, after a pause. "The man has failed; that is enough. He shall not poison these few minutes. Oh yes, I forgive him, little one. I do, really. Tell him so. If he was here I would take his hand. But, but," and a smile came round his mouth—"do not trust him too far, all the same."

His face was growing very white and drawn in the pale gray morning light, and Mitsos gave him water, and put out the lamp.

"There is a little more to say," he whispered, "and it is this: Little Mitsos, I am happier than the beings of the earth. I am dying, but dying in the shout of victory. Remember always that I was happy on this morning. But, oh, poor lad!" His face flushed suddenly. "Victory! freedom!" he said, raising his voice again with tremulous excitement, "that is a singing bird in my heart—that, and you, and Catherine, and the little one. Where is Petrobey? Call him in, him and the dear clan. Bring them all in, as many as can stand in the room."

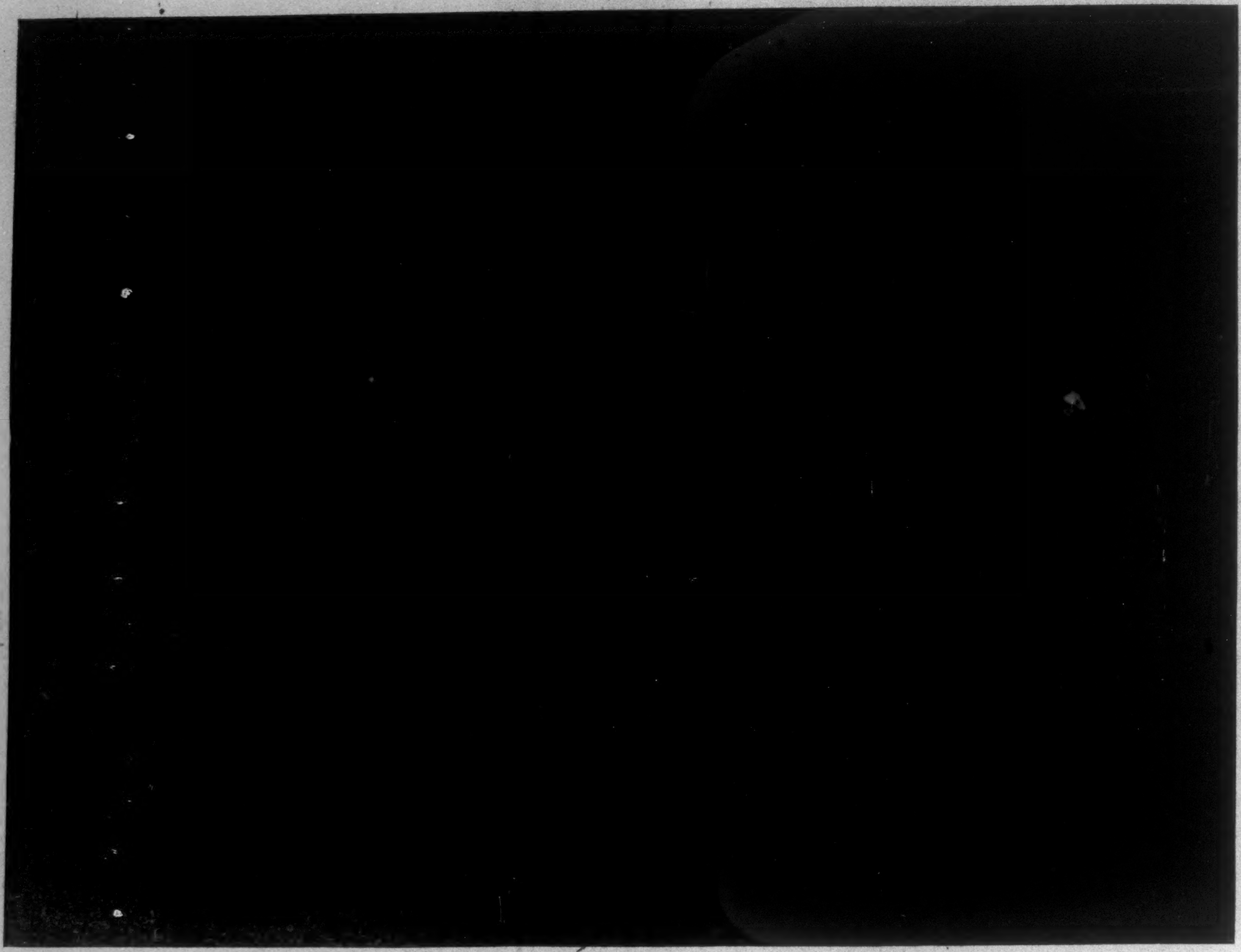
Mitsos hurried out to fetch them, and found Petrobey's room full of men waiting for news from the sick-room, watching faithfully through the night, and he beckoned them up. The sun had risen, and the first ray fell full on the bed where the dying man lay. By an effort he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at them trooping in with bright shining eyes. In a moment, at that sudden movement, his wound broke out afresh, and a great gush of blood poured down.

Then suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Shout! shout!" he cried, "for the freedom of Greece! Ah, Catherine, I am coming!"

On the word a great shout arose from the men crowded into the room, and in the glory of that triumphant cry, standing there in the dawn of the new-risen day, he fell forward, and his strong soul went forth free from the death that had no terror for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL ON THE ICE, AMSTERDAM.—Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.—[See Page 1250.]



A BROTHERHOOD OF THREE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

THE sun was setting in a strip of sky as bright and clearly flowing as a golden river. Above it lay violet clouds piled in still strata, like rocks. The wind blew cold from the north. South of the village was a high round hill; the lower part of it bristled with the yellow-gray stubble of corn, in the midst of which forgotten pumpkins gleamed with unexpected gold; the upper part was covered with a mat of coarse grass, beaten flat, southward, toward the summit, by the north wind. It was the day before Christmas, and yet there was no snow, and had been none that season, with the exception of occasional flurries.

On the crest of the hill was one great bowlder of a kind of rock found nowhere else in the vicinity, a lonely outcast from prehistoric times and conditions. This rock, seen from the village, bore a strong resemblance to a turreted castle, and had given that name to the hill. It had been Castle Hill ever since the oldest villager could remember.

From the northern slope of the hill there was a good view of the little sea-side village, with its sickle-shaped stretch of beach, and white crawl of surf beyond. Smoke columns rose from the village chimneys and veered slightly toward the south. The bell in the steeple of the white meeting-house on the right of the main street caught the gleam of the low sun, and hung a bell of gold; the weather-vane on a barn pointed south like a finger of light; the windows in the town-hall, which was broadside to the west, looked full of fire.

From the southern slope of the hill all this was lost; the rigid highway stretched to the city through frozen swamps and stark woods, and not a dwelling was in sight except a white farm-house or two on vantage-points of distant hills.

On this southern slope three wayfarers had set up a camp, building a fire of brush collected from the nearest wood, under the lee of the great castle-shaped rock, availing themselves of the cold shelter of this primitive fastness of nature. They had been driven to this extremity by the lack of a lock-up in the village, and all other refuge had been denied them, even on Christmas eve. The farmers' barns had been fastened, or guarded by growling dogs, and the house doors had been clapped in their faces with a puff of the very wind of inhospitality.

"The cow that gives the milk of human kindness 'ain't got her stable in this damned village," declared the eldest of the three. He threw some more brush on the fire as he spoke; he had builded the fire, and was most active in replenishing it, as he had been about bringing the fuel from the wood in the first place. He was over sixty, but one of those whom age preserves instead of disintegrates. His old face was as full of lines as a withered apple, but his eyes were instinct with keen fire, and his mouth had quirks of quizzical shrewdness at the corners. He moved, too, with a sort of sinewy grace which had in it a suggestion of reserve. Old Harlow had been in his day a star—a cheap and inglorious one perhaps, but still a star, shining with its own lustre in the midst of the indistinguishable glimmer of the common throng. His name had figured prominently in the bills of many a circus and variety show, and his shrewd face had adorned many a barn and fence in that very locality.

There came a sharp blast of wind from the north, cutting around the corner of the rock as the old man threw a stick on the fire. The sparks flew up, and Harlow, with an oath which ended in a laugh, flung himself down headfirst, and begun bowling in airy somersaults down the hill. Over and over he went, fairly bounding from the turf like a ball, until he reached the corn stubble. Then he was up with long leaps like a chamois, and was back at the camp with a magnificent revolution of his long body which landed him on his feet.

"What in thunder are you doin'?" inquired one of his companions. He spoke with a surly thickness; his dialect was rustic, and yet there was something in his tone which betrayed education—an involuntary lapsing of cadences into finer habits.

"Openin' the damper in the stove of Nature," replied Harlow, with a grunt. "If fo'ks wa'n't so damn lazy they wouldn't need any other fires. Every man has his own stove and his own kindlin'-wood in his own body. All he's got to do is to git up and git, and set it goin'. I was chilled through to my marrer-bones, and now I'm as warm as though I was piped for steam."

The other man gave a sigh indicative of both weariness and impatience, and said no more. He was a stout man, younger than Harlow, sitting over the fire in such a position as to present the largest possible portion of his body to the heat. He fairly hollowed himself upon it, and seemed to embrace it with all his members. His red face, which had a purplish cast about the mouth, brooded over it with a wistful gloating.

The third man lay flat on the turf, his back to the rock, between it and the fire, the warmest place in the camp. His ragged coat, and Harlow's also, covered him to his chin; the firelight was red on his face, which was as delicate as a girl's. He looked scarcely eighteen. His fair hair grew low on his forehead, and his blue eyes had an innocent, wondering expression under slightly raised dark eyebrows. He seemed to breathe with difficulty as he lay there. Suddenly he said, sobbingly, with piteous complaint: "I can't stan' this much longer. I tell you I can't." Then he raised himself on his elbow, leaned over, and coughed. Harlow looked at him, scowling painfully; the other man glowered at the fire, without moving a muscle.

"It's—so," gasped the young man, when he got his breath; "it's so. Nothin' but the bare ground to sleep on such weather as this, and not a mouthful fit for a dog, an' me with my lungs achin' as if the air I draw in was —fire." His weak voice failed him. He flung himself over on his face and wept aloud, for impotent self-pity, like a child.

"We do all we can for you, Dick," said old Harlow, with pathetic apology.

"You won't have to do for me much — longer," returned Dick, amidst his weak sobs. Then he coughed again, struggling desperately for breath.

The stout man was fumbling in his pockets for a small flask. He drew the cork, and held the flask to Dick's mouth. His own mouth was shut hard, his eyes averted. "Here, take a swallow of this whiskey; it 'll do you good," he said, in a strained voice.

"Yes, take it, Dick," said old Harlow. "Here's Doctor been a-savin' of it up for you, when he wants it fearful bad himself. We are doin' all we kin for ye, boy."

Dick, his throat and chest working convulsively, took a long pull at the flask. The stout man turned his face more resolutely away.

"Easy, Dick, easy," admonished old Harlow. "You'd better take that bottle now, or he won't have none left if he's took worse in the night, Doctor."

Doctor, still with his face averted, took the bottle from Dick, who did not resist, put in the cork tightly, and replaced it in his pocket.

Dick lay back, and an expression of relaxation and a shadow of comfort came over his face as the fire of the liquor crept through his veins. Presently he began to talk, and his voice sounded stronger, though its appealing, querulous tone was still evident. "Here's this town," said he, "where my mother was born, and her father and mother before her; where everybody knew my grandfather, and looked up to him because he had property, and lived in the biggest house in town when he wasn't off on a cruise. Owned one of the biggest ships that ever sailed from these parts, my grandfather did, and when mother was a girl she had it all her own way, I can tell you. Then mother got married, and her husband died; then she married my father, and went away to live. Then grandfather's ship was lost, with him on board, and grandmother died, and the property here was sold, and father failed, and then he died, and then mother died, and there wa'n't nobody and nothin' except me. Here's this town, where my folks used to live and be looked up to, and here I be sick, and nobody to take me in. There's that old maid grandfather's house was sold to. If I went there I don't s'pose it would make any odds; she'd turn me out of my own grandfather's house. Wonder if she keeps the silver teaspoons and her purse in the entry for burglars now—"

"Hey?" said old Harlow, with a quick glance of his eye.

"Mother told me about it," said Dick. "Somebody out West, where we lived, who'd been a-visitin' here, told her. That old maid—Trumbull her name was—used to leave her front door unlocked, and put her silver teaspoons and purse at the foot of the stairs, all ready for burglars to take and not wake her up."

"Damned rot! don't believe a word of it," remarked Harlow, with a half-chuckle.

"Too much horse sense for a woman," said the stout man. "Why, I doctored one for a tumor brought on by sleepin' on her silver cream-jug to keep it from burglars. That's something like; but catch a woman reasonin' out that when a thief sets out to take the teaspoons he's goin' to, if he has to take her life into the bargain, and that she might just as well let 'em be taken with as little trouble and risk to herself as possible!"

"It's so," declared Dick. "Mother—" Then his voice failed him, and he coughed again, though not as violently as before, and lay back, spent, and panting softly, the tears of suffering and self-pity streaming from his blue eyes.

The stout man got up, pulled off his old coat, leaving himself in a ragged shirt, and laid it over the young man, tucking it in well at the sides. Old Harlow tossed some more wood on the fire, then looked slyly at the stout man, raising a cautious beckoning finger. The two slipped around the corner of the rock and walked a little way down the other slope, then stopped.

"Look here," said old Harlow to the other; "you used to doctor. What about him?" He jerked an elbow violently toward the rock behind which the young man lay.

"Weak lungs—inherited most likely—bad cold," replied the other, shortly.

"Dangerous?"

"Dangerous enough if somethin' ain't done for it before long—pneumonia most likely."

"S'pose—a warm bed an' plenty to eat—"

The other man nodded.

"Might as well talk about heaven," said old Harlow. Then, reflectively, "There's the hospital, I s'pose, if we could git him to the city."

"Get him to the city?" repeated the other, with sarcastic emphasis. "How'd we get him to the city? In our special Pullman train? He'd die on the road; an' if he didn't—if he wasn't fit for the dissectin'-table when he got to the hospital door—how'd we get him into a bed? Who's goin' to measure the yards of red tape necessary for that? God only knows what rot it would be about city poor and town poor, and residents and non-residents, and incurability, and all the rest of it."

"I s'pose," said old Harlow, reflectively, "if you an' me hadn't been along, that woman in the farm-house this mornin', that give us hot coffee, an' asked him how long h'd had his cold, might have took him in. He looks so kind of pretty an' innocent."

The other man nodded, with glowing eyes fixed on the village below. As they stood there the twilight had suddenly deepened into night, and the village windows had gleamed out, one after another, like stars.

"There ain't no harm in him, exceptin' what he's rubbed off other people," continued old Harlow. He hesitated. "S'pose maybe he'd be better off if we wa'n't with him," he said, in a troubled voice.

Then the other man turned fiercely upon him. "What's the sense of our leavin' him till we've got him under cover somewhere?" he demanded. "Time enough for us to quit then."

"How are we goin' to git him under cover anywheres?" asked old Harlow, looking at him with a strange expression, half of fear, half of entreaty. He did not reply, but stood gazing frowningly at the village below, with its long main street bordered by houses whose windows were parallelograms of white-curtained light. Midway of the street stood the church, brilliantly lighted, and dark throngs of people were passing in the doors.

Old Harlow's gaze followed his companion's. "What's goin' on in the damned town?" he inquired, in a gloomily indifferent way.

"Christmas," returned the other, shortly. "Christmas tree."

"Lord!" ejaculated old Harlow, in a tone of gentle contempt.

The two continued to gaze at the dark cubic masses of the village houses with their twinkling lights flanked by the white gleaming beach and the great vagueness of sea; at the church with its brilliant windows, and the shadowy throngs in the street moving toward and passing in the door.

Suddenly old Harlow faced his companion. "S'pose there's any truth in that yarn of his?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Quit it, for God's sake!"

"There'd be no need of you—"

"There's need of me if there's need of you. What d'ye take me for?"

"Somebody 'd have to keep out of it on account of the boy. If only one of us—"

"I tell you—"

"No use quarrellin' about that now. S'pose it's so?"

"Quit it, I tell you!"

"If it was—" said old Harlow, slowly.

There was a pause. The two men, unmindful of the cold wind, continued to stand gazing down at the lighted village, and the dark shapes hurrying on their errand of Christmas cheer.

On the street below, Candace Trumbull was going to the Christmas tree. She had a straight, handsome figure, though she was not young. She stepped out emphatically, holding her bonneted head high, with a decisive swish of silken skirts, and a firm swing of arms under her rich cloak. Had it not been for her bounty the tree could not have borne its Christmas fruit in the vestry of the little church. The parish was very poor; Miss Trumbull was the only person of independent means who belonged to it. She had bought the major part of the presents. She had supplied the colored balls, the candy garlands, the paper angels, and the wax lights for the decoration of the tree.

Candace passed through the Christmas throngs as an acknowledged benefactress, greeted with gratitude and respect, and a certain amount of deferential affection, but not with familiarity, though her exceeding frankness and directness of speech might have seemed to invite it.

With a certain class of village folk frankness intimidates more than reserve; it drives them at once into their shells of suspicion and self-consciousness.

Candace Trumbull, although she gave so many presents, had none hung on the tree for her. No one had dared attempt anything of that sort since the Christmas tree five years before, when the Sunday-school had taken a contribution and given her a picture.

She had not arisen when her name was called during the distribution of presents. When the Sunday-school superintendent himself came down the aisle, bringing the picture, she waved him aside and stood up, looking around with a frown on her handsome face. She then announced, with no preface and no apology, that she wanted no present—that she had done nothing for a reward, but because they were in need, and that she considered them lacking in common-sense to spend the money, which they could not afford to spend on presents for their own families, on a present for her, and thus do away with half the benefit of her bounty. Lastly, she declared that she would not take the picture—that they could hang it on the vestry wall or throw it into the sea, whichever they chose; it was all one to her. She would not take the picture.

Then Candace Trumbull had sat down, amidst a general gasp and shiver of consternation, and the next Sunday the picture had hung on the vestry wall. There were those who considered that she had robbed her own benevolence of its grace and her beneficiaries of their independence by refusing to accept their little token of gratitude; but nobody told her so. She continued her benefits, and her name was never called again when the gifts were distributed.

This Christmas eve she went home after the tree quite satisfied and happy in her own fashion. She was not a woman to let any regrets or wistful imaginations cloud her happiness. All her joys of life were complete. She went home alone, and entered her solitary house without a sigh for the fuller Christmas experience of other women. She fixed her fires for the night, said her prayers, went to bed in the great south chamber, and fell asleep with a sense of absolute security, and reliance upon her Maker and herself. Candace Trumbull believed in God and religion, but she would not have been in the least afraid alone in the dark had she lost her faith.

She was not afraid when she waked up a little after midnight and heard some one open the window in the front hall. She sat up and listened for a minute, thinking that a dream might have deceived her. Then she got out of bed, lighted a candle, and put on her wrapper and her slippers.

Old Harlow, moving stealthily across a broad shaft of moonlight in the hall outside, saw the sudden streak of candle-light under the threshold of a door, and stood still, trembling. Then the door was flung open, and he saw a tall elderly woman, in a palm-leaf-patterned wrapper, holding a candle, whose light shone full upon a face absolutely fearless, and rather imperious than angry.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in a clear loud voice, which seemed to ring through the house like a trumpet. She looked straight at old Harlow, who cowered before her.

"My name's Harlow," he said, in a stammering way, like a schoolboy.

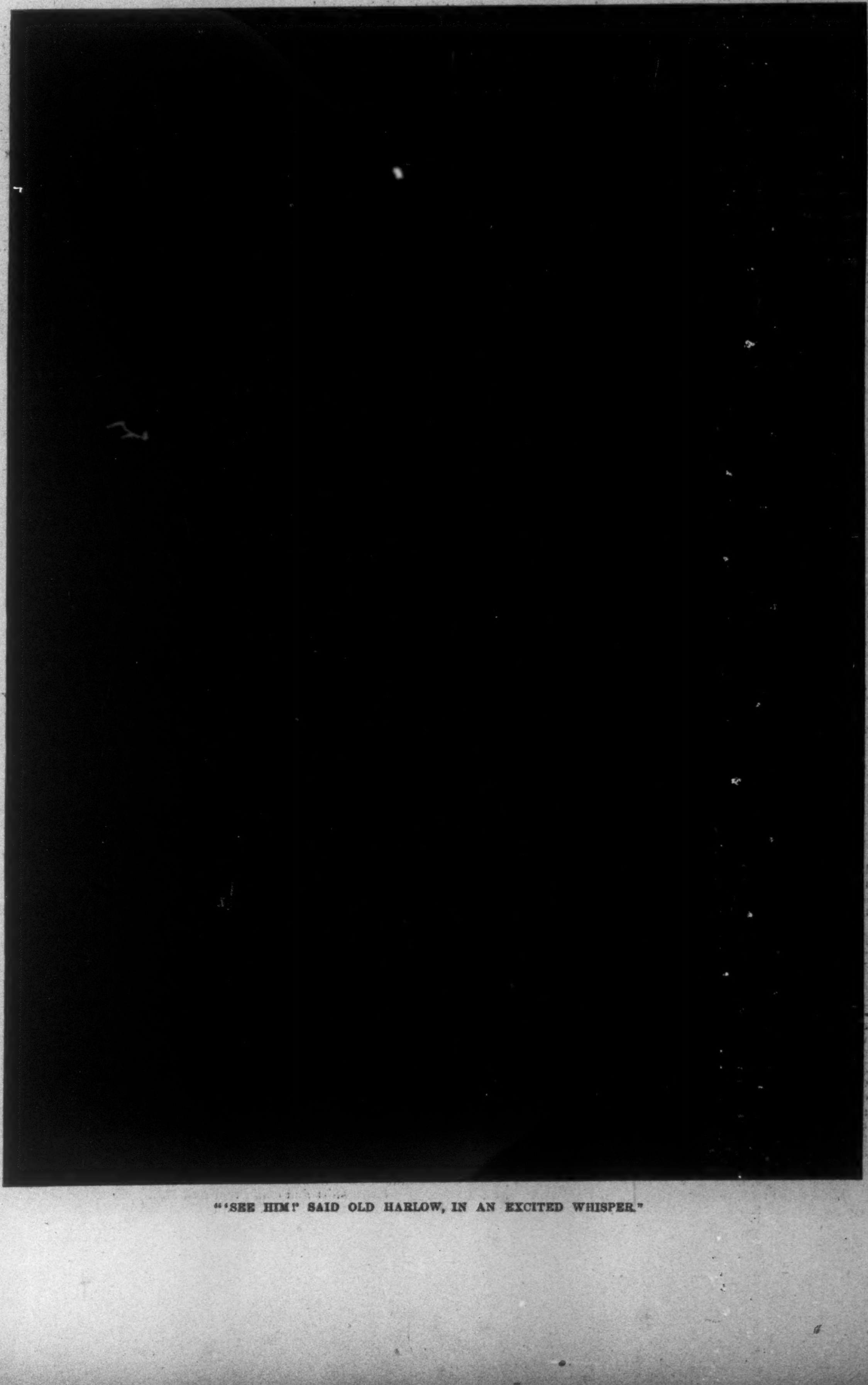
"What?"

"Harlow."

"What are you doing in my front entry, Mr. Harlow?"

"Nothing," gasped Harlow, desperately. Then the humorous quirks about his mouth deepened a little.

But Candace Trumbull followed him sharply around his corner of subterfuge.



"'SEE HIM!' SAID OLD HARLOW, IN AN EXCITED WHISPER."

"What did you come into my front entry for?" she demanded.

"I came to steal," answered old Harlow, feebly.

"What did you come to steal?"

"Money."

"What made you think I had money here for you to steal?"

"Heard you kept some in—a purse, and—the silver teaspoons, and—the teapot in a bundle—on the stairs—all ready for burglars; heard—you left your front door unlocked," answered old Harlow, stammering; but again the humorous quirks deepened.

"Didn't you know better than to believe such a story as that?" asked Candace Trumbull, with scorn.

Old Harlow reeled suddenly as he stood. All at once he felt utterly bewildered. He had eaten little for days past, he was old, and his small reserve of nerve strength was giving way under this great pressure. "No, mum," he muttered, incoherently.

"What did you want the money for?"

Old Harlow looked at her vaguely, then spread out his empty hands with a curious, unconsciously dramatic gesture. Miss Trumbull noticed that he was very pale.

"How did you get in that window?"

"Clim'—up the post of the porch."

"Up the post?"

"Yes. I used ter play in a circus."

There was a mist over old Harlow's eyes. He seemed to see nothing in the present, past, or future, in all life, but that little circle of candle-light making a nimbus around that commanding female face. He drew a short hard breath, and reached for the stair balustrade to steady himself.

"What's the matter?" demanded Candace Trumbull. "Have you been drinking?"

Old Harlow shook his head.

"Are you sick?"

Old Harlow shook his head again. But his questioner, after one long keen glance at him, stepped forward and took him by the arm. "Now you step along down stairs with me," she ordered.

Old Harlow, as in a dream, knew himself stumbling down stairs, with the woman's strong hand under his arm. His shuffling feet touched the stairs without feeling them, as if he descended on steps of air.

"Don't you fall," admonished his helper, sharply, and old Harlow felt that he would not dare to fall.

At half past one o'clock on Christmas morning old Harlow sat down to the table in the stately dining-room of the fine old Trumbull mansion and ate his first square meal for months. Candace Trumbull sat watching him, with none of the softness, but all the active strength of pity in her face. Just before he finished eating she rose and went out of the room. Harlow heard the door close after her, and looked longingly, not at the silver spoons and the silver coffee service, but at the bread and meat and cakes which he could not eat. He took some bread and carried it toward his pocket, then put it back on the plate.

When his hostess returned he spoke of his own accord for the first time. "Can I have what's left to take with me?" he asked, pointing toward the bread and meat.

"Yes, you can," said she, readily. She went into the kitchen, and returned with brown wrapping-paper and a large bottle. She made a parcel of the bread and meat and cakes, and filled the bottle with the remainder of the coffee.

"Thank ye," Harlow said, when she handed them to him. He was edging toward the door, with his provisions in his trembling hands, when Candace Trumbull stopped him.

"Wait a minute," said she, and held out toward him a roll of something which he saw was money—bank-notes rolled around some silver coin. "Here," said Candace Trumbull, "is the money you came to steal. It is all I have in the house—thirty-nine dollars and twenty-nine cents—take it."

Old Harlow's face flamed crimson. He made an angry thrusting motion with his whole body toward the money.

"Why don't you take it, after you've been to all this trouble to get it, climbing in my second-story window at one o'clock in the morning?" demanded Candace Trumbull.

"Thank ye," old Harlow gasped out, still thrusting away the money. He would have given anything to have turned and run out of sight of her face.

"Take it," ordered Candace Trumbull. Suddenly her voice softened a little, though her words were brusque. "Take it, and don't be a fool," said she. "It's Christmas, and if you need this money it belongs to you. If you need it, and I don't, it's yours by right. Take it, and I advise you not to spend it in drink, but buy yourself some decent clothes and a ticket to the city, and see if you can't get another chance in a circus, and earn some money to keep you when you're past work. You must be able to work awhile longer at your old trade, or you couldn't have climbed in that window; the porch roof juts out nearly three feet over the post. Now take this and go, and be sure and shut the door when you go out."

Old Harlow went. He marched as obediently and unhesitatingly as a dog that had been sent on an errand, until he reached the base of the hill. Then he stopped, seated himself on a stone, took the money from his pocket, unfolded and counted it.

Suddenly ambition, which had slumbered long, awoke in the breast of the old man on that Christmas morning. "S'pose I turn over a new leaf," said old Harlow. "S'pose I—" He took a crumpled sheet of newspaper from his pocket, smoothed it out, and tried to read it by the moonlight; he could not, however, he remembered well enough. He had picked it up on the road the day before, and had read of an accident to an old acquaintance of his in a variety theatre. "Might git the chance if I struck while the iron was hot," ruminated old Harlow. "Nobody but him and me is livin' as can do two or three of them specialties. S'pose I take this here an' buy me some decent clothes an' a ticket to New York, an' go to a hotel an' git a room, an' then go for the manager. Ten chances to one I'd git the job. I'm 'bout as limber as ever I was; trampin' has kept my joints oiled, an' I 'ain't had enough to eat to git too fat. S'pose—" Old Harlow stared gloomily at the money. "If it's divided into three parts there won't be enough, nohow," said he.

Old Harlow rose, money in hand, and went up the hill. When near the top he whistled softly, and the stout man came around the corner of the great rock. Harlow beckoned him down the hill a little way.

"Well?" said the stout man, interrogatively, when they stopped. His face showed pale in the moonlight, and his great frame trembled as if with a chill.

"Front door wa'n't unlocked; no money an' no spoons ready; no truth in that fool yarn," said old Harlow, shortly, but his eyes twinkled and his mouth twitched.

"Told you so," returned the other, with a sigh of relief.

"I clim' in the front window, over the porch," said old Harlow.

"What—what did you do that for?"

"An' she heard me, and came out in a loose gown with red figgers on it, a-holdin' a candle."

The stout man groaned. "What in—" he began, but Harlow interrupted him.

"There ain't no harm done," said he. "If there was more women like that one there wouldn't be no need of prisons, for there wouldn't be no criminals. If I'd hit thet kind of woman, instead of the kind I did, mebbe there wouldn't have been me. She's got religion an' horse sense b'iled down together. She could steer this whole damn country into the millennium in less than five year if it was left to her, an' make the workin'-classes an' the millionaires lay down in peace together. Be hanged if I wouldn't lay where she pointed her finger; there was a diamond ring a-shinin' on it, but she wa'n't afraid. Afraid! there ain't no fear in her. I never see her like. See!" Old Harlow unfolded the roll of money before his companion's bewildered eyes. "Thirty-nine dollars an' twenty-nine cents," said he, in a shaking voice.

"What?"

"Thirty-nine dollars an' twenty-nine cents!" proclaimed old Harlow, with a sort of crow of triumph. "It's a present from her—a Christmas present! Damn it! think of us with a Christmas present—a Christmas present!" Tears flowed down old Harlow's leathery cheeks; his voice broke.

"You—don't mean?"

"Yes, I do mean she gave it to me; an' that wa'n't all; a good square meal—bread an' meat an' cake an' hot coffee set out on the dinin'-table, an' I've got some here. Have some, Doctor, have some." Old Harlow brandished the package of food and the bottle of coffee in the other man's face.

"What's that in the bottle?"

"Hot coffee; feel the bottle. Have some, Doctor."

"He must have some at once," the other returned, hoarsely.

"Yes; an'—Doctor—" Old Harlow hesitated. "About dividin' of the money?" said he.

"Oh, it's all yours."

"Why is it all mine?"

"You run all the risk; it was given to you."

"You'd 'a' run the risk if I hadn't made you stay with him an' keep the fire goin'."

"Yes, I would; but I didn't like the job. I wasn't brought up to rob women."

"I wa'n't," replied old Harlow, simply.

"You keep that money; it's yours."

"No, it ain't. There ain't no use talkin', Doctor; it's goin' to be divided."

The two stood looking at each other.

"What d'ye plan to do with your share?" inquired old Harlow.

"I won't take it, I tell you."

"If you do?"

"Buy myself something decent, an'—well, maybe I'd go back."

Old Harlow nodded soberly. "How is he?" he asked, with a jerk of his head toward the rock.

"Asleep. The fire's good, and he's covered up with his coat and mine."

"How is he, d'ye think?"

"Pneumonia, if he doesn't get under shelter before long."

"I s'pose that money would git him boarded somewheres, mebbe in that farm-house two mile back, where the woman give us hot coffee an' doughnuts, for three dollar a week till spring," said old Harlow, reflectively.

"I suppose so," said the other, after a little pause.

"An', there'd be enough beside, to git him a decent suit an' a flannel shirt or two an' some shoes," continued old Harlow.

The other nodded.

"We could fix him up, git his hair cut and face washed, an' send him there to ask for board, pay in advance. He looks so kind of pretty and wishful, I guess that most any woman would take him in; besides, them farmer folks are always hankerin' after board money."

The other gave a frown of grave assent.

"But—if we divided it up there wouldn't be enough—"

"No, there wouldn't. An' I've been a-thinkin'. That woman says to me: 'You must be able to work at your old trade, or you couldn't have clim' up my porch, with the roof a-juttin' out 'most three foot beyond the post. Why don't you git another job in a circus?' I've been thinkin' after we git him fixed you an' me 'll tramp to Boston an' see if we can't git some job there, an' I'll git enough to buy me somethin' decent to wear, an' see if I can't git a chance in some show later on, and then half of what I git is yours, Doctor."

The stout man straightened himself, and threw back his broad shoulders in his old flannel shirt. "I don't live on you while there's a bone in my body," said he. "I'll do my share. We'll give every cent of that money to the boy. I won't take enough to buy one drink, and—I've given him the rest of the whiskey."

"There won't be enough if we divide," repeated old Harlow; and even in his heroism of sacrifice there was, and no shame to him, a piteous wistfulness in his tone.

"No, there won't," declared the other; and he went, as he spoke, up the hill, with the bottle of hot coffee in his hand.

In a square old farm-house two miles out of the village, on the road to Boston, the family did not have their Christmas dinner until after candle-light, because the daughter, who was a school-teacher in a village twenty miles away, could not get home earlier. She had driven over with her lover. It was five o'clock before the family sat down to dinner—David Baxter, his wife, their daughter Laura, her lover, and Dick, in a clean shirt and collar and new suit. His fair hair was brushed smooth, his face was clean and beaming with gentle happiness. There was no great power of original sin in the lad; he depended largely for his evil and his good upon his companions. Dick's future path of life through even and pleasant places was very possible, with this impetus.

Outside the night was clear and cold. All the Christmas stars shone, but the moon had not arisen. In the yard stood two men, pressing as close to the window as they could without being seen.

"See him!" said old Harlow, in an excited whisper. "See him, Doctor!"

"It's roast turkey," murmured the other.

"See 'em a-fillin' of his plate—see 'em! Now they're puttin' on the turkey, great pieces of white meat—an' there goes the dark, an' the gravy. Now the potatoes, an' the squash, an' the onion. There she goes—there she goes! Now see him eat—see him eat, Doctor!"

Doctor looked, and unconsciously, every time the boy sitting in that warm room, at the well-spread table, with that good and kindly company, swallowed a mouthful of his Christmas dinner, he swallowed too. Old Harlow also, between his excited whispers, gulped, and even smacked his lips, as if he tasted to its utmost savor each delicious morsel that the boy put into his mouth.

The two outcasts, standing outside all homes of earth on Christmas night, received perhaps a crumb of the very sacrament of Christmas as they watched the poor brother whom they loved better than themselves eat his Christmas dinner.

THE SONG OF SANTA CLAUS.

THAT'S the way, boys! Take care of your dad:
  Off with his boots and away with the snow.
My! what a merry old night we've had—
  How the jolly old deer did go!
Talk about your flying-machine,
  Your birds and balloons, your aerial wheel!
Nothing can fly like the reindeer keen
  As soon as the cold crisp air they feel.

Ah, you should have seen them prancing by,
  Over the country roads below,
Jumping the fences and hedges high,
  Skimming across the fields of snow
Like a beam of light from the faithful sun;
  Prancing and dancing like all possessed—
All through the beautiful world they've run,
  Out on the mission we love the best.

Mission of peace and cheer, my boys,
  Spreading good-will on earth—
That is the maddest and gladdest of joys,
  Filling sad hearts with mirth.
That is the mission for us, old chaps,
  Work for old Claus and his elves,
Casting good luck into others' laps,
  With never a thought for ourselves.

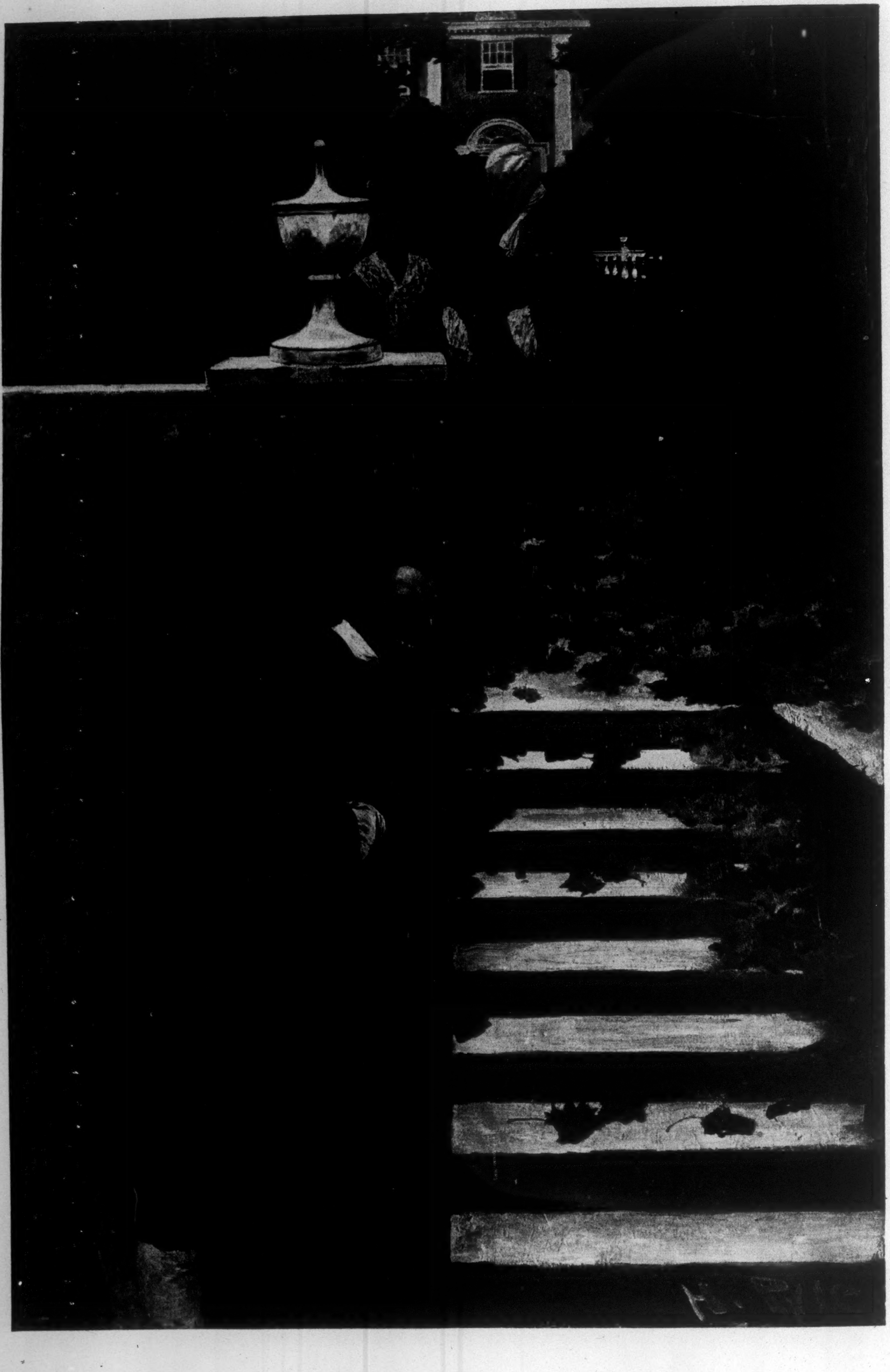
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL IN HOLLAND.

IN Holland a winter seldom passes without good skating, which being not only a pastime with the Dutch, but a serious and ordinary mode of travel, the ice on the canals and "grachts" is kept in good condition, and it is common to see a small army of sweeping peasants putting the ice in order for the day. There is a skating club in every town in Holland, and all these clubs belong to the Dutch Skating Association. The largest clubs are probably the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Ice clubs, and in the season many excursions are made by these associations to the surrounding towns—for example, from Amsterdam to Leyden *viâ* Vogelenzang and Haarlem; from Amsterdam to Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuyzen, Alkmaar, and even across the Zuyder Zee, when it will bear, to Marken, and even Urk. The way the whole country is moated by canals, with huge windmills overlooking the ice like leviathan implements of ordnance, is calculated to appeal to the lover of the picturesque. Then there are the graceful light sleighs, propelled by skilful skaters, and containing red-cheeked, bright-eyed peasant girls in immense lace caps and dangling temple ornaments, flying over the ice at a great speed. On the Maas, a few miles east of Rotterdam, lies a famous skating resort known as Slikkerveer, and brought into notoriety in recent years by the international skating contests which are held there. Any one fond of that most exhilarating form of exercise can hardly find a more interesting experience than is to be had during a winter trip to Holland. In the season the boat leaves the Rhine Station Pier for a sail up the Maas. The steamer ploughs her way through the floating ice, and at length leaves you at a high pier on a huge dike which separates the river from the low-lying country. A short walk brings you to a large enclosed expanse of ice, obtained by artificially flooding a large area. Here a huge horseshoe course is marked out for the racers. And on either side of this stretches the free portion, for the onlookers and those who wish to practise the exhilarating art. Fashion is beginning to drive out the picturesque costumes of the peasants, who are becoming ashamed of their distinctive dress. So year by year there is to be seen less and less of the lovely, quaint, and sometimes bizarre head-dresses, and the queer coats and breeches of the men and boys.

There is little fancy skating to be seen. The great length of the runners of the Dutch skates, and the way in which they turn back in huge curves over the toe, are effectual checks upon all figure-skating involving sudden or short turns. An attempt to do the outside edge backwards would invite disaster. The Dutchman can go quicker over long stretches upon his skates than the Englishman, because of his extra-long runners. It is a charming sight to see the long string of skaters sailing along with a swing that reminds one of the flight and dip of the swallows. Sometimes, too, they use a sort of sail, with which, by clever handling, they can make headway close up in the wind. The most usual figure seen is what is styled the Dutch roll, in which long lines of skaters throw themselves off upon the right and left foot alternately, in curves of twenty-five to thirty feet, at an incredible speed. There is much shouting and boisterousness, and some of the byplay is not in the best taste, but on the whole the scene is most interesting and entirely unique.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



"I'VE KEPT MY EARS OPEN TO ALL YOUR DOINGS."

A Descriptive Preface Designed for the Edification of the Reader.

At the time of the beginning of the events about to be narrated—which the reader is to be informed occurred between the years 1740 and 1742—there stood upon the high and rugged crest of Pick-a-Neck-a-Sock Point (or Pig and Sow Point, as it had come to be called) the wooden ruins of a disused church, known throughout those parts as the Old Free Grace Meeting-House.

This humble edifice had been erected by a peculiar religious sect calling themselves the Free Grace Believers, the radical tenet of whose creed was a denial of the existence of such a place as Hell, and an affirmation of the universal mercy of God, to the intent that all souls should enjoy eternal happiness in the life to come.

For this dangerous heresy the Free Grace Believers were expelled from the Massachusetts Colony, and, after sundry peregrinations, settled at last in the Providence Plantations, upon Pick-a-Neck-a-Sock Point, coadjacent to the town of New Hope. There they built themselves a small cluster of huts, and a church wherein to worship; and there for a while they dwelt, earning a precarious livelihood from the ungenerous soil upon which they had established themselves.

As may be supposed, the presence of so strange a people was entertained with no great degree of complaisance by the vicinage, and at last an old deed granting Pick-a-Neck-a-Sock to Captain Isaiah Applebody was revived by the heirs of that renowned Indian-fighter, whereupon the Free Grace Believers were warned to leave their bleak and rocky refuge for some other abiding-place. Accordingly, driven forth into the world again, they embarked in the snow "Good Companion," of Bristol, for the Province of Pennsylvania, and were afterward heard of no more in those parts. Their vacated houses crumbled away into ruins, and their church tottered to decay.

So at the beginning of these events, upon the narrative of which the author now invites the reader to embark together with himself.

A TRUE HISTORY

Of the Devil at Nevv Hope.

By *Howard Pyle.*

I—How the Devil Haunted the Meeting-House.

At the period of this narrative the settlement of New Hope had grown into a very considerable seaport town, doing an extremely handsome trade with the West Indies in corn meal and dried codfish for sugar, molasses, and rum.

Among the more important citizens of this now wealthy and elegant community, the most notable was Colonel William Belford—a magnate at once distinguished and honored in the civil and military affairs of the colony. This gentleman was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Clandennie by the daughter of a surgeon of the 67th Regiment of Scots, and he had inherited a very considerable fortune upon the death of his father, from which he now enjoyed a comfortable competency.

Our Colonel made no little virtue of the circumstances of his exalted birth. He was wont to address his father's memory with a sobriety that lent to the fact of his illegitimacy a portentous air of seriousness, and he made no secret of the fact that he was the friend and the confidential correspondent of the present Earl of Clandennie. In his intercourse with the several Colonial governors he assumed an attitude of authority that only his lineage could have supported him in maintaining, and, possessing a large and commanding presence, he bore himself with a continent reserve that never failed to inspire with awe those whom he saw fit to favor with his conversation.

This noble and distinguished gentleman possessed in a brother an exact and perfect opposite to himself. Captain Obediah Belford was a West Indian, an inhabitant of Kingston in the island of Jamaica. He was a cursing, swearing, hard-drinking renegado from virtue, an acknowledged dealer in negro slaves, and reputed to have been a buccaneer, if not an out-and-out pirate, such as then infested those tropical latitudes in prodigious numbers. He was not unknown in New Hope, which he had visited upon several occasions for a week or so at a time. During each period he lodged with his brother, whose household he scandalized by such freaks as smoking his pipe of tobacco in the parlor, offering questionable pleasantries to the female servants, and cursing and swearing in the hallways with a fecundity and an ingenuity that would have put the most godless sailor about the docks to the blush.

Accordingly, it may then be supposed into what a dismay it threw Colonel Belford when one fine day he received a letter from Captain Obediah in which our West Indian desperado informed his brother that he proposed quitting those torrid latitudes in which he had lived for so long a time, and that he intended thenceforth to make his home in New Hope.

Addressing Colonel Belford as "My dear Billy," he called upon that gentleman to rejoice in this determination, and informed him that he proposed in future to live "as decent a limb of grace as ever broke loose from hell," and added that he was going to fetch as a present for his niece Belinda a "dam pirty little black girl" to carry her prayer-book to church for her.

Accordingly, one fine morning, in pursuance of this promise, our West Indian suddenly appeared at New Hope with a prodigious quantity of chests and travelling-cases, and with so vociferous an acclamation that all the town knew of his arrival within a half-hour of that event.

When, however, he presented himself before Colonel Belford, it was to meet with a welcome so frigid and an address so reserved that a douche of cold water could not have quenched his verbosity more entirely. For our great man had no notion to submit to the continued infliction of the West Indian's presence. Accordingly, after the first words of greeting had passed, he addressed Captain Obediah in a strain somewhat after this fashion:

"Indeed, I protest, my dear brother Obediah, it is with the heartiest regrets in the world that I find myself obliged to confess that I cannot offer you a home with myself and my family. It is not alone that your manners displease me—though, as an elder to a younger, I may say to you that we of these more northern latitudes do not entertain the same tastes in such particulars as doubtless obtain in the West Indies—but the habits of my household are of such a nature that I could not hope to form them to your liking. I can, however, offer as my advice that you may find lodgings at the Blue Lion Tavern, which doubtless will be of a sort exactly to fit your inclinations. I have made inquiries, and I am sure you will

find the very best apartments to be obtained at that excellent hostelry placed at your disposal."

To this astounding address our West Indian could, for a moment, make no other immediate reply than to open his eyes and to glare upon Colonel Belford, so that, what with his tall lean person, his long neck, his stooping shoulders, and his yellow face stained upon one side an indigo blue by some premature explosion of gunpowder—what with all this and a prodigious hooked beak of a nose, he exactly resembled some hungry predatory bird of prey meditating a pounce upon an unsuspecting victim. At last, finding his voice, and rapping the ferrule of his ivory-headed cane upon the floor to emphasize his declamation, he cried out: "What! What! What! Is this the way to offer a welcome to a brother new returned to your house? Why, G—d d—mn me! who are you? Are you not a bastard as well as I, who could buy you out twice over and have enough left to live in velvet? Why! Why!—Very well, then, have it your own way; but if I don't grind your face into the mud and roll you into the dirt my name is not Obediah Belford!" Thereupon striving to say more, but finding no fit words for the occasion, he swung upon his heel and incontinently departed, banging the door behind him like a clap of thunder, and cursing and swearing so prodigiously as he strode away down the street that an infernal from the pit could scarcely have exceeded the fury of his maledictions.

However, he so far followed Colonel Belford's advice that he took up his lodgings at the Blue Lion Tavern, where, in a little while, he had gathered about him a court of all such as chose to take advantage of his extravagant bounty. Indeed, he poured out his money with incredible profusion, declaring, with many ingenious and self-consuming oaths, that he could match fortunes with the best two men in New Hope, and then have enough left to buy up his brother from his hair to his boot-leathers. He made no secret of the rebuff he had sustained from Colonel Belford, for his grievance clung to him like hot pitch—itching the more he meddled with it. Sometimes his fury was such that he could scarcely contain himself. Upon such occasions, cursing and swearing like an infernal, he would call Heaven to witness that he would live in New Hope if for no other reason than to bring shame to his brother, and he would declare again and again, with incredible variety of expletives, that he would grind his brother's face into the dirt for him.

Accordingly he set himself assiduously at work to tease and torment the good man with every petty and malicious trick his malevolence could invent. He would shout opprobrious words after the other in the streets, to the entertainment of all who heard him; he would parade up and down before Colonel Belford's house singing obstreperous and unseemly songs at the top of his voice; he would even rattle the ferrule of his cane against the palings of the fence, or throw a stone at Madam Belford's cat in the wantonness of his malice.

Meantime he had purchased a considerable tract of land, embracing Pig and Sow Point, and including the old Free Grace Meeting-House. Here, he declared, it was his intention to erect a house for himself that should put his brother's wooden shed to shame. Accordingly he presently began the erection of that edifice, so considerable in size and occupying so commanding a situation that it was the admiration of all those parts, and was known to fame as Belford's Palace. This magnificent residence was built entirely of brick, and Captain Obediah made it a boast that the material therefor was brought all the way around from New York in flats. In the erection of this elegant structure all the carpenters and masons in the vicinage were employed, so that it grew up with an amazing rapidity. Meantime, upon the site of the building, rum and Hollands were kept upon draught for all comers, so that the place was made the common resort and the scene for the orgies of all such of the common people as possessed a taste for strong waters, many coming from so far away as Newport to enjoy our captain's prodigality.

Meantime he himself strutted about the streets in his red coat trimmed with gilt braid, his hat cocked upon one side of his bony head, pleasing himself with the belief that he was the object of universal admiration, and swelling with a vast and consummate self-satisfaction as he boasted, with strident voice and extravagant enunciation, of the magnificence of the palace he was building.

At the same time, having, as he said, shingles to spare, he patched and repaired the old Free Grace Meeting-House, so that its gray and hoary exterior, while rejuvenated as to the roof and walls, presented in a little while an appearance as of a sudden eruption of bright yellow shingles upon its aged hide. Nor would our captain offer any other explanation for so odd a freak of fancy than to say that it pleased him to do as he chose with his own.

At last, the great house having been completed, and he himself having entered into it and furnished it to his satisfaction, our Captain presently began entertaining his friends therein with a profuseness of expenditure and an excess of extravagance that were the continued admiration of the whole colony. In more part the guests whom Captain Obediah thus received with so lavish an indulgence were officers or government officials from the garrisons of Newport or of Boston, with whom, by some means or other, he had scraped an acquaintance. At times these gay gentlemen would fairly take possession of the town, parading up and down the street under conduct of their host, staring ladies out of countenance with the utmost coolness and effrontery, and offering loud and critical remarks concerning all that they beheld about them, expressing their opinions with the greatest freedom and jocularity.

Nor were the orgies at Belford's Palace limited to such extravagances as gaming and dicing and drinking, for sometimes the community would be scandalized by the presence of gayly dressed and high-colored ladies, who came, no one knew whence, to enjoy the convivialities at the great house on the hill, and concerning whom it pleased the respectable folk of New Hope to entertain the gravest suspicion.

At first these things raised such a smoke that nothing else was to be seen, but by-and-by other strange and singular circumstances began to be spoken of—at first among the common people. It began to be whispered and then to be said that the old Free Grace Meeting-House out on the Point was haunted by the Devil. The first information concerning this dreadful obsession arose from a fisherman, who, coming into the harbor of a nightfall after a stormy day, had, as he affirmed, beheld the old meeting-house all of a blaze of light. Some time after, a tinker, making a short-cut from Stapleton by way of the old Indian road, had a view of a similar but a much more remarkable manifestation. This time, as the itinerant most solemnly declared, the meeting-house was not only seen all alight, but a bell was ringing as a signal somewhere off across the darkness of the water, where, as he protested, there suddenly appeared a red star, that, blazing like a meteor with a surpassing brightness for a few seconds, was presently swallowed up into inky darkness again. Upon another occasion a fiddler, returning home after midnight from Sprowle's Neck, seeing the church alight, had, with a temerity inflamed by rum, approached to a nearer distance, whence, lying in the grass, he had, he said, at the stroke of midnight, beheld a multitude of figures emerge from the building, crying most dolorously, and then had heard a voice, as of a lost spirit, calling aloud, "Six-and-twenty, all told!" whereat the light in the church was instantly extinguished into an impenetrable darkness.

It was said that when Captain Obediah himself was first apprised of the suspicions entertained of the demoniacal possession of the old meeting-house, he had fixed upon his venturesome informant so threatening and ominous a gaze that the other could move neither hand nor foot under the malignant fury of his observation. Then, at last, clearing his countenance of its terrors, he had burst into a great, loud laugh, crying out: "Well, what then? Why not? You must know that the Devil and I have been very good friends in times past. I saw a deal of him in the West Indies, and I must tell you that I built up the old meeting-house again so that he and I could talk together now and then about old times without having a lot of d—d, dried, codfish-eating, rum-drinking Yankee bacon-chewers to listen to every word we had to say to each other. If you must know, it was only last night that the ghost of Jezebel and I danced a fandango together in the graveyard up yonder, while the Devil himself sat cross-legged on old Daniel Root's tombstone and blew on a dry, dusty shank-bone by way of a flute. And now" (here he swore a terrific oath) "you know the worst that is to be known, with only this to say: if ever a man sets foot upon Pig and Sow Point again after nightfall to interfere with the Devil's sport and mine, he'll suffer for it as sure as fire can burn or brimstone can scorch. So put that in your pipe and smoke it."

These terrible words, however extravagant, were, to be sure, in the nature of a direct confirmation of the very worst suspicion that could have been entertained concerning this dolorous affair. But if any further doubt lingered as to the significance of such malevolent rumors, Captain Obediah himself soon put an end to the same.

The Reverend Josiah Pettibones was used of a Saturday to take supper at Colonel Belford's elegant residence. It was upon such an occasion, and the reverend gentleman and his honored host were smoking a pipe of tobacco together in the library, when there fell a loud and importunate knocking at the house door, and presently the servant came ushering no less a personage than Captain Obediah himself. After directing a most cunning, mischievous look at his brother, Captain Obediah addressed himself directly to the Reverend Mr. Pettibones, folding his hands with a most indescribable air of mock humility. "Sir," says he—"Reverend sir, you see before you a humble and penitent sinner, who has fallen so desperately deep into iniquities that he knows not whether even so profound piety as yours can elevate him out of the pit in which he finds himself. Sir, it has got about the town that the Devil has taken possession of my old meeting-house, and, alas! I have to confess—*that it is the truth.*" Here our Captain hung his head down upon his breast as though overwhelmed with the terrible communication he had made.

"What is this that I hear?" cried the reverend gentleman. "Can I believe my ears?"

"Believe your ears!" exclaimed Colonel Belford. "To be sure you cannot believe your ears. Do you not see that this is a preposterous lie, and that he is telling it to you to tease and to mortify me?"

At this Captain Obediah favored his brother with a look of exaggerated and sanctimonious humility. "Alas, brother," he cried out, "for accusing me so unjustly! Fie upon you! Would you check a penitent in his confession? But you must know that it is to this gentleman that I address myself, and not to you." Then directing his discourse once more to the Reverend Mr. Pettibones, he resumed his address thus: "Sir, you must know that whilst I was in the West Indies I embarked, amongst other things, in one of those ventures against the Spanish Main of which you may have heard."

"Do you mean piracy?" asked the Reverend Pettibones; and Captain Obediah nodded his head.

"'Tis a lie!" cried Colonel Belford, smacking his hand upon the table. "He never possessed spirit enough for anything so dangerous as piracy or more mischievous than slave-trading."

"Sir," quoth Captain Obediah to the reverend gentleman, "again I say 'tis to you I address my confession. Well, sir, one day we sighted a Spanish caravel very rich ladened with a prodigious quantity of plate, but were without so much as a capful of wind to fetch us up with her. 'I would,' says I, 'offer the Devil my soul for a bit of a breeze to bring us alongside.' 'Done,' says a voice beside me, and—alas that I must confess it!—there I saw a man with a very dark countenance, whom I had never before beheld aboard of our ship. 'Sign this,' says he, 'and the breeze is yours!' 'What is it upon the pen?' says I. ''Tis blood,' says he. Alas, sir! what was a poor wretch so tempted as I to do?"

"And did you sign?" asked Mr. Pettibones, all agog to hear the conclusion of so strange a narration.

"Woe is me, sir, that I should have done so!" quoth Captain Obediah, rolling his eyes until little but the whites of them were to be seen.

"And did you catch the Spanish ship?"

"That we did, sir, and stripped her as clean as a whistle."

"'Tis all a prodigious lie!" cried Colonel Belford, in a fury. "Sir, can you sit so complacently and be made a fool of by so extravagant a fable?"

"Indeed it is unbelievable," said Mr. Pettibones.

At this faint reply, Captain Obediah burst out laughing; then renewing his narrative—"Indeed, sir," he declared, "you may believe me or not, as you please. Nevertheless, I may tell you that, having so obtained my prize, and having time to think coolly over the bargain I had made, I says to myself, says I: 'Obediah Belford! Obediah Belford, here is a pretty pickle you are in. 'Tis time you quit these parts and lived decent, or else you are damned to all eternity.' And so I came hither to New Hope, reverend sir, hoping to end my days in quiet. Alas, sir! would you believe it? scarce had I finished my fine new house up at the Point when hither comes that evil being to whom I had sold my sorrowful soul. 'Obediah,' says he, 'Obediah Belford, I have a mind to live in New Hope also.' 'Where?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you may patch up the old meeting-house; 'twill serve my turn for a while.' 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'there can be no harm in that.' And so I did as he bade me—and would not you do as much for one who had served you as well? Alas, your reverence! there he is now, and I cannot get rid of him, and 'tis over the whole town that he has the meeting-house in possession."

"'Tis an incredible story," cried the Reverend Pettibones.

"'Tis a lie from beginning to end!" cried the Colonel.

"And now how shall I get myself out of my pickle?" asked Captain Obediah.

"Sir," said Mr. Pettibones, "if what you tell me is true, 'tis beyond my poor powers to aid you."

"Alas!" cried Captain Obediah. "Alas! alas! Then, indeed, I'm damned!" And therewith flinging his arms into the air as though in the extremity of despair, he turned and incontinently departed, rushing forth out of the house as though stung by ten thousand furies.

It was the most prodigious piece of gossip that ever the Reverend Josiah had to fall into his way, and for a fortnight he carried it with him wherever he went. "'Twas the most unbelievable tale I ever heard," he would cry. "And yet where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. As for the poor wretch, if ever I saw a lost soul I beheld him standing before me there in Colonel Belford's library." And then he would conclude: "Yes, yes, 'tis incredible and past all belief. But if it be true in ever so little a part, why, then there is justice in this—that the Devil should take possession of the sanctuary of that very heresy that would not only have denied him the power that every other Christian belief assigns to him, but would have destroyed that infernal habitation that hath been his dwelling-place for all eternity."

As for Captain Belford, if he desired privacy for himself upon Pig and Sow Point, he had taken the very best means to prevent the curious from spying upon him there after nightfall.

II—How the Devil Stole the Collector's Snuff-Box.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS GOODHOUSE was the Collector of Customs in the town of New Hope. He was a character of no little notoriety in those parts, enjoying the reputation of being able to consume more pineapple rum with less effect upon his balance than any other man in the community. He possessed the voice of a stentor, a short, thick-set, broad-shouldered person, a face congested to a violent carnation, and red hair of such a color as to add infinitely to the consuming fire of his countenance.

The Custom Office was a little white frame building with green shutters, and overhanging the water as though to topple into the tide. Here at any time of the day betwixt the hours of ten in the morning and of five in the afternoon the Collector was to be found at his desk smoking his pipe of tobacco, the while a thin, phthisical clerk bent with unrelaxing assiduity over a multitude of account-books and papers accumulated before him.

For his post of Collectorship of the Royal Customs, Lieutenant Goodhouse was especially indebted to the patronage of Colonel Belford. The worthy Collector had, some years before, come to that gentleman with a written recommendation from the Earl of Clandennie of a very unusual sort. It was the Lieutenant's good fortune to save the life of the Honorable Frederick Dunburne, second son of the Earl—a wild, rakish, undisciplined youth, much given to such mischievous enterprises as the twisting off of door-knockers, the beating of the watch, and the carrying away of tavern signs.

Having been a very famous swimmer at Eton, the Honorable Frederick undertook while at the Cowes to swim a certain considerable distance for a wager. In the midst of this enterprise he was suddenly seized with a cramp, and would inevitably have drowned had not the Lieutenant, who happened in a boat close at hand, leaped overboard and rescued the young gentleman from the watery grave in which he was about to be engulfed, thus restoring him once more to the arms of his grateful family.

For this fortunate act of rescue the Earl of Clandennie presented to his son's preserver a gold snuff-box filled with guineas, and inscribed with the following legend:

To Lieutenant Thomas Goodhouse,
who, under the Ruling of Beneficent Providence,
was the Happy Preserver of a Beautiful and
Precious Life of Virtuous Precocity,
this Box is presented by the Father of Him whom He saved
as a grateful acknowledgment of his Services.
Thomas Monkhouse Dunburne, Viscount of
Dunburne and Earl of Clandennie.
August 17, 1752.

Having thus satisfied the immediate demands of his gratitude, it is very possible that the Earl of Clandennie did not choose to assume so great a responsibility as the future of his son's preserver entailed. Nevertheless, feeling that something should be done for him, he obtained for Lieutenant Goodhouse a passage to the Americas, and wrote him a strong letter of recommendation to Colonel Belford. That gentleman, desiring to please the legitimate head of his family, used his influence so successfully that the Lieutenant was presently granted the position of Collector of Customs in the place of Captain Maull, who had lately deceased.

The Lieutenant, somewhat to the surprise of his patrons, filled his new official position as Collector not only with vigor, but with a not unbecoming dignity. He possessed an infinite appreciation of the responsibilities of his office, and he was more jealous to collect every farthing of the royal duties than he would have been had those moneys been gathered for his own emolument.

Under the old Collectorship of Captain Maull, it was no unusual thing for a barraco of superfine Hollands, a bolt of silk cloth, or a keg of brandy to find its way into the house of some influential merchant or Colonial dignitary. But in no such manner was Lieutenant Goodhouse derelict in his duties. He would have sacrificed his dearest friendship or his most precious attachment rather than fail in his duties to the Crown. In the intermission of his duties it might please him to relax into the softer humors of conviviality, but at ten o'clock in the morning, whatever his condition of sobriety, he assumed at once all the sterner panoply of a Collector of the Royal Customs.

Thus he set his virtues against his vices, and struck an even balance between them. When most unsteady upon his legs he most asserted his integrity, declaring that not a gill or a thread came into his port without paying its duty, and calling Heaven to witness that it had been his hand that had saved the life of a noble young gentleman. Thereupon, perhaps, drawing forth the gleaming token of his prowess—the gold snuff-box—from his breeches pocket, and holding it tight in his brown and hairy fist, he would first offer his interlocutor a pinch of rappee, and would then call upon him to read the inscription engraved upon the lid of the case, demanding to know whether it mattered a fig if a man did drink a drop too much now and then, provided he collected every farthing of the royal revenues, and had been the means of saving the son of the Earl of Clandennie.

Never for an instant upon such an occasion would he permit his precious box to quit his possession. It was to him an emblem of those virtues that no one knew but himself, wherefore the more he misdoubted his own virtuousness the more valuable did the token of that rectitude become in his eyes. "Yes, you may look at it," he would say, "but damme if you shall handle it. I would not," he would cry, "let the Devil himself take it out of my hands."

The talk concerning the impious possession of the old Free Grace Meeting-House was at its height when the official consciousness of the Collector, who was just then laboring under his constitutional infirmity, became suddenly seized with an irrepressible alarm. He declared that he smoked something worse than the Devil upon Pig and Sow Point, and protested that it was his opinion that Captain Obediah was doing a bit of free trade upon his own account, and that dutiable goods were being smuggled in at night under cover of these incredible stories. He registered a vow, sealing it with the most solemn protestations, and with a multiplicity of ingenious oaths that only a mind stimulated by the heat of intoxication could have invented, that he would make it his business, upon the first occasion that offered, to go down to Pig and Sow Point and to discover for himself whether it was the Devil or smugglers that had taken possession of the old Free Grace Meeting-House. Thereupon, hauling out his precious snuff-box and rapping upon the lid, he offered a pinch around. Then calling attention to the inscription, he demanded to know whether a man who had behaved so well upon that occasion had need to be afraid of a whole churchful of devils. "I would," he cried, "offer the Devil a pinch, as I have offered it to you. Then I would bid him read this and tell me whether he dared to say that black was the white of my eye."

Nor were those words a vain boast upon the Collector's part, for, before a week had passed, it being reported that there had been a renewal of manifestations at the old church, the Collector, finding nobody with sufficient courage to accompany him, himself entered into a small boat and rowed down alone to Pig and Sow Point to investigate, for his own satisfaction, those appearances that so agitated the community.

It was dusk when the Collector departed upon that memorable and solitary expedition, and it was entirely dark before he had reached its conclusion. He had taken with him a bottle of Extra Reserve rum to drive, as he declared, the chill out of his bones. Accordingly it seemed to him to be a surprisingly brief interval before he found himself floating in his boat under the impenetrable shadow of the rocky promontory. The profound and infinite gloom of night overhung him with a portentous darkness, melting only into a liquid obscurity as it touched and dissolved into the stretch of waters across the bay. But above, on the high and rugged shoulder of the Point, the Collector, with dulled and swimming vision, beheld a row of dim and lurid lights, whereupon, collecting his faculties, he opined that the radiance he beheld was emitted from the windows of the old Free Grace Meeting-House.

Having made fast his boat with a drunken gravity, the Collector walked directly, though with uncertain steps, up the steep and rugged path toward that mysterious illumination. Now and then he stumbled over the stones and cobbles that lay in his way, but he never quite lost his balance, neither did he for a moment remit his drunken gravity. So with a befuddled and obstinate perseverance he reached at last to the conclusion of his adventure, and of his fate.

The old meeting-house was two stories in height, the lower story having been formerly used by the Free Grace Believers as a place wherein to celebrate certain obscure mysteries appertaining to their belief. The upper story, devoted to the more ordinary worship of their Sunday meetings, was reached by a tall, steep flight of steps from the ground that led to a covered porch which sheltered the doorway.

The Collector paused only long enough to observe that the shutters of the lower story were tight shut and barred, and that the dull and lurid light shone from the windows above. Then he directly mounted the steps with a courage and a perfect assurance that can only be entirely enjoyed by one in his peculiar condition of inebriety.

He paused to knock at the door, and it appeared to him that his knuckles had hardly fallen upon the panel before the valve was flung suddenly open. An indescribable and heavy odor fell upon him and for the moment overpowered his senses, and he found himself standing face to face with a figure prodigiously and portentously tall.

Even at this unexpected apparition the Collector lost possession of no part of his courage. Rather he stiffened himself to a more stubborn and obstinate resolution. Steadying himself for his address, "I know very well," quoth he, "who you are. You are the Divil, I dare say, but damme if you shall do business here without paying your duties to King George. I may drink a drop too much," he cried, "but I collect my duties—every farthing of 'em." Then drawing forth his snuff-box, he thrust it under the nose of the being to whom he spake. "Take a pinch and read that," he roared, "but don't handle it, for I wouldn't take all hell to let it out of my hand."

The being whom he addressed had stood for all this while as though bereft of speech and of movement, but at these last words he appeared to find his voice, for he gave forth a strident bellow of so dreadful and terrible a sort that the Collector, brave as he found himself, stepped back a pace or two before it. The next instant he was struck upon the wrist as though by a bolt of lightning, and the snuff-box, describing a yellow circle against the light of the door, disappeared into the darkness of the night beyond. Ere he could recover himself another blow smote him upon the breast, and he fell headlong from the platform, as through infinite space.

The next day the Collector did not present himself at the office at his accustomed hour, and the morning wore along without his appearing at his desk. By noon serious alarm began to take possession of the community; and about two o'clock, the tide being then set out pretty strong, Mr. Tompkins, the consumptive clerk, and two sailors from the *Sarah Goodrich*, then lying at Mr. Hoppins's wharf, went down in a yawl-boat to learn, if possible, what had befallen him. They coasted along the Point for above a half-hour before they discovered any vestige of the missing Collector. Then at last they saw him lying at a little distance upon a cobbled strip of beach, where, judging from his position and from the way he had composed himself to rest, he appeared to have been overcome by liquor.

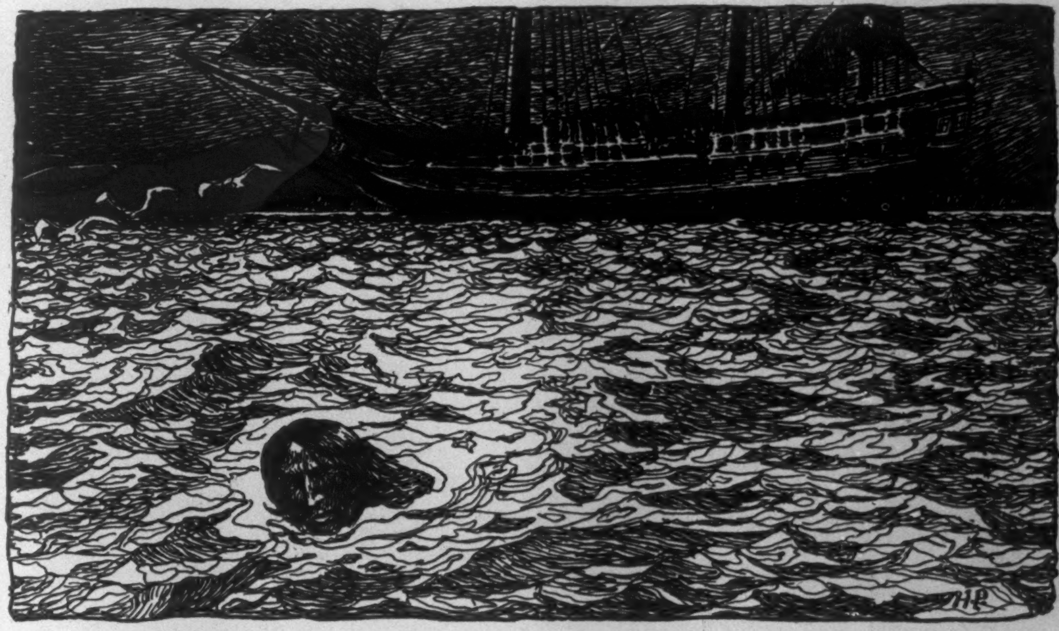
At this place Mr. Tompkins put ashore, and making the best of his way over the slippery stones exposed at low water, came at last to where his chief was lying. The Collector was reposing with one arm over his eyes, as though to shelter them from the sun, but as soon as Mr. Tompkins had approached close enough to see his countenance, he uttered a great cry that was like a scream. For, by the blue and livid lips parted at the corners to show the yellow teeth, from the waxy whiteness of the fat and hairy hands—in short, from the appearance of the whole figure, he was aware in an instant that the Collector was dead.

His cry brought the two sailors running. They, with the utmost coolness imaginable, turned the Collector over, but discovered no marks of violence upon him, till of a sudden one of them called attention to the fact that his neck was broke. Upon this the other opined that he had fallen among the rocks and twisted his neck.

The two mariners then made an investigation of his pockets, the clerk standing by the while paralyzed with horror, his face the color of dough, his scalp creeping, and his hands and fingers twitching as though with the palsy. For there was something indescribably dreadful in the spectacle of those living hands searching into the dead's pockets, and he would freely have given a week's pay if he had never embarked upon the expedition for the recovery of his chief.

In the Collector's pockets they found a twist of tobacco, a red bandanna handkerchief of violent color, a pocket-book meagrely filled with copper coins and silver pieces, a silver watch still ticking with a loud and insistent iteration, a piece of tarred string, and a clasp-knife.

The snuff-box which the Lieutenant had regarded with such prodigious pride as the one emblem of his otherwise dubious virtue was gone.



III—The Strange Adventures of a Young Gentleman of Quality.

THE Honorable Frederick Dunburne, second son of the Earl of Clandennie, having won some six hundred pounds at écarté at a single sitting at Pintzennelli's, embarked with his two friends, Captain Blessington and Lord George Fitzhope, to conclude the night with a round of final dissipation in the more remote parts of London. Accordingly they embarked at York Stairs for the Three Cranes, ripe for any mischief. Upon the water the three young gentlemen amused themselves by shouting and singing, pausing only now and then to discharge a broadside of raillery at the occupants of some other and passing boat.

All went very well for a while, some of those in the passing boats laughing and railing in return, others shouting out angry replies. At last they fell in with a broad-beamed, flat-nosed, Dutch-appearing yawl-boat, pulling heavily up against the stream, and loaded with a crew of half-drunken sailors just come into port. In reply to the challenge of our young gentlemen, a man in the stern of the other boat, who appeared to be the captain of the crew—a fellow, as Dunburne could indefinitely perceive by the dim light of the lanthorn and the faint illumination of the misty half-moon, possessing a great, coarse red face and a bullet head surmounted by a mildewed and mangy fur cap—bawled out, in reply, that if they would only put their boat near enough for a minute or two he would give them a bellyful of something that would make them quiet for the rest of the night. He added that he would ask for nothing better than to have the opportunity of beating Dunburne's head to a pudding, and that he would give a crown to have the three of them within arm's-reach for a minute.

Upon this Captain Blessington swore that he should be immediately accommodated, and therewith delivered an order to that effect to the watermen. These obeyed so promptly that almost before Dunburne was aware of what had happened the two boats were side by side, with hardly a foot of space between the gunwales. Dunburne beheld one of the watermen of his own boat knock down one of the crew of the other with the blade of an oar, and then he himself was clutched by the collar in the grasp of the man with the fur cap. Him Dunburne struck twice in the face, and in the moonlight he saw that he had started the blood to running down from his assailant's nose. But

his blows produced no other effect than to call forth a volley of the most horrible oaths that ever greeted his ears. Thereupon the boats drifted so far apart that our young gentleman was haled over the gunwale and soused in the cold water of the river. The next moment some one struck him upon the head with a belaying-pin or a billet of wood, a blow so crushing that the darkness seemed to split asunder with a prodigious flaming of lights and a myriad of circling stars, which presently disappeared into the profound and utter darkness of insensibility.

How long this swoon continued our young gentleman could never tell, but when he regained so much of his consciousness as to be aware of the things about him, he beheld himself to be confined in a room, the walls whereof were yellow and greasy with dirt, he himself having been laid upon a bed so foul and so displeasing to his taste that he could not but regret the swoon from which he had emerged into consciousness. Looking down at his person, he beheld that his clothes had all been taken away from him, and that he was now clad in a shirt with only one sleeve, and a pair of breeches so tattered that they barely covered his nakedness.

While he lay thus, dismally depressed by so sad a pickle as that into which he found himself plunged, he was strongly and painfully aware of an uproarious babble of loud and drunken voices and a continual clinking of glasses, which appeared to sound as from a tap-room beneath, these commingled now and then with oaths and scraps of discordant song bellowed out above the hubbub. His wounded head beat with tremendous and straining painfulness, as though it would burst asunder, and he was possessed by a burning thirst that seemed to consume his very vitals. He called aloud, and in reply a fat, one-eyed woman came, fetching him something to drink in a cup. This he swallowed with avidity, and thereupon (the liquor perhaps having been drugged) he dropped off into unconsciousness once more.

When at last he emerged for a second time into the light of reason, it was to find himself aboard a brig—the *Prophet Daniel*, he discovered her name to be—bound for Baltimore, in the Americas, and then pitching and plunging upon a westerly running stern-sea, and before a strong wind that drove the vessel with enormous velocity upon its course for those remote and unknown countries for which it was bound. The land was still in sight both astern and abeam, but before him lay the boundless and tremendously infinite stretch of the ocean. Dunburne found himself still to be clad in the one-armed shirt and tattered breeches that had adorned him in the house of the crimp in which he had first awakened. Now, however, an old tattered hat with only a part of the crown had been added to his costume. As though to complete the sad disorder of his appearance, he discovered, upon passing his hand over his countenance, that his beard and hair had started a bristling growth, and that the lump on his crown—which was even yet as big as a walnut—was still patched with pieces of dirty sticking-plaster. Indeed, had he but known it, he presented as miserable an appearance as the most miserable of those wretches who were daily ravished from the slums and streets of the great cities to be shipped to the Americas. Nor was he a long time in discovering that he was now one of the several such indentured servants who, upon the conclusion of their voyage, were to be sold for their passage in the plantations of Maryland.

Having learned so much of his miserable fate, and being now able to make shift to walk (though with weak and stumbling steps), our young gentleman lost no time in seeking the captain, to whom he endeavored to explain the several accidents that had befallen him, acknowledging that he was the second son of the Earl of Clandennie, and declaring that if he, the captain, would put the *Prophet Daniel* back into some English port again, his lordship would make it well worth his while to lose so much time for the sake of one so dear as a second son. To this address the captain, supposing him either to be drunk or disordered in his mind, made no other reply than to knock him incontinently down upon the deck, bidding him return forward where he belonged.

Thereafter poor Dunburne found himself enjoying the reputation of a harmless madman. The name of the Earl of Rags was bestowed upon him, and the miserable companions of his wretched plight were never tired of tempting him to recount his adventures, for the sake of entertaining themselves by teasing that which they supposed to be his hapless mania.

Nor is it easy to conceive of all the torments that those miserable, obscene wretches were able to inflict upon him.

Under the teasing sting of his companions' malevolent pleasantries, there were times when Dunburne might, as he confessed to himself, have committed a murder with the greatest satisfaction in the world. However, he was endowed with no small command of self-restraint, so that he was still able to curb his passions within the bounds of reason and of policy. He was, fortunately, a complete master of the French and Italian languages, so that when the fury of his irritation would become too excessive for him to control, he would ease his spirits by castigating his tormentors with a consuming verbosity in those foreign tongues, which, had his companions understood a single word of that which he uttered, would have earned for him a beating that would have landed him within an inch of his life. However, they attributed all that he said to the irrational gibbering of a maniac.

About midway of their voyage the *Prophet Daniel* encountered a tremendous storm, which drove her so far out of the captain's reckoning that when land was sighted, in the afternoon of a tempestuous day in the latter part of August, the first mate, who had been for some years in the New England trade, opined that it was the coast of Rhode Island, and that if the captain chose to do so he might run into New Hope Harbor and lie there until the southeaster had blown itself out. This advice the captain immediately put into execution, so that by nightfall they had dropped anchor in the comparative quiet of that excellent harbor.

Dunburne was a most excellent and practised swimmer. That evening, when the dusk had pretty well fallen, he jumped overboard, dived under the brig, and came up on the other side. Thus leaving all hands aboard looking for him or for his dead body at the starboard side of the *Prophet Daniel*, he himself swam slowly away to the larboard. Now partly under water, now floating on his back, he directed his course toward a point of land about a mile away, whereon, as he had observed before the dark had settled down, there stood an old wooden building resembling a church, and a great brick house with tall, lean chimneys at a little further distance inland.

The intemperate cold of the water of those parts of America was so much more excessive than Dunburne had been used to swim in that when he dragged himself out upon the rocky, bowlder-strewn beach he lay for a considerable time more dead than alive. His limbs appeared to possess hardly any vitality, so benumbed were they by the icy chill, that had entered into the very marrow of his bones. Nor did he for a long while recover from this excessive rigor; his limbs still continued at intervals to twitch and shudder as with a convulsion, nor could he at such times at all control their trembling. At last, however, with a huge sigh, he aroused himself to some perception of his surroundings, which he acknowledged were of as dispiriting a sort as he could well have conceived of. His recovering senses were distracted by a ceaseless watery din, for the breaking waves, rushing with a prodigious swiftness from the harbor to the shore before the driving wind, fell with uproarious crashing into white foam among the rocks. Above this watery tumult spread the wet gloom of the night, full of the blackness and pelting chill of a fine slanting rain.

Through this shroud of mist and gloom Dunburne at last distinguished a faint light, blurred by the sheets of rain and darkness, and shining as though from a considerable distance. Cheered by this nearer presence of human life, our young gentleman presently gathered his benumbed powers together, arose, and after a while began slowly and feebly to climb a stony hill that lay between the rocky beach and that faint but encouraging illumination.

So, sorely buffeted by the tempest, he at last reached the black square form of that structure from which the light shone. The building he perceived to be a little wooden church of two stories in height. The shutters of the lower story were tight fastened, as though bolted from within. Those above were open, and from them issued the light that had guided him in his approach from the beach. A tall flight of wooden steps, wet in the rain, reached to a small enclosed porch or vestibule, whence a door, now tight shut, gave ingress into the second story of the church.

Thence, as Dunburne stood without, he could now distinguish the dull muttering of a man's voice, which he opined might be that of the preacher. Our young gentleman, as may be supposed, was in a wretched plight. He was ragged and unshaven; his only clothing was the miserable shirt and bepatched breeches that had served him as shelter throughout the long voyage. These abominable garments were now wet to the skin, and so displeasing was his appearance that he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he did not possess enough of humility to avow so great a misery to the light and to the eyes of strangers. Accordingly, finding some shelter afforded by the vestibule of the church, he crouched there in a corner, huddling his rags about him, and finding a certain poor warmth in thus hiding away from the buffeting of the chill and penetrating wind.

As he so crouched he presently became aware of the sound of many voices, dull and groaning, coming from within the edifice, and then—now and again—the clanking as of a multitude of chains. Then of a sudden, and unexpectedly, the door near him was flung wide open, and a faint glow of reddish light fell across the passage. Instantly the figure of a man came forth, and following him came, not a congregation, as Dunburne might have supposed, but a most dolorous company of nearly, or quite, naked men and women, outlined blackly, as they emerged, against the dull illumination from behind. These wretched beings, sighing and groaning most piteously, with a monotonous wailing of many voices, were chained by the wrist, two and two together, and as they passed by close to Dunburne, his nostrils were overpowered by a heavy and fetid odor, that came partly from within the building, partly from the wretched creatures that passed him by.

As the last of these miserable beings came forth from the bowels of that dreadful place, a loud voice, so near to Dunburne as to startle his ears with its sudden exclamation, cried out, "Six-and-twenty, all told," and thereat instantly the dull light from within was quenched into darkness.

In the gloom and the silence that followed, Dunburne could hear for a while nothing but the dash of the rain upon the roof and the ceaseless drip and trickle of the water running from the eaves into the puddles beneath the building.

Then, as he stood, still marvelling at what he had seen, there suddenly came a loud and startling crash, as of a trap-door let fall into its place. A faint circle of light shone within the darkness of the building, as though from a lantern carried in a man's hands. There was a sound of jingling, as of keys, of approaching footsteps, and of voices talking together, and presently there came out into the vestibule the dark figures of two men, one of them carrying a ship's lantern. One of these figures closed and locked the door behind him, and then both were about to turn away without having observed Dunburne, when, of a sudden, a circle from the roof of the lantern lit up his pale and melancholy face, and he instantly became aware that his presence had been discovered.

The next moment the lantern was flung up almost into his eyes, and in the light he saw the sharp round rim of a pistol-barrel directed immediately against his forehead.

In that moment our young gentleman's life hung as a hair in the balance. In the intense instant of expectancy his brain appeared to expand as a bubble, and his ears tingled and hummed as though a cloud of flies were buzzing therein. Then suddenly a voice smote like a blow upon the silence—"Who are you, and what d'ye want?"

"Indeed," said Dunburne, "I do not know."

"What do you do here?"

"Nor do I know that, either."

He who held the lantern lifted it so that the illumination fell still more fully upon Dunburne's face and person. Then his interlocutor demanded, "How did you come here?"

Upon the moment Dunburne determined to answer so much of the truth as the question required. "'Twas by no fault of my own," he cried. "I was knocked on the head and kidnapped in England, with the design of being sold in Baltimore. The vessel that fetched me put into the harbor over yonder to wait for good weather, and I jumped overboard and swam ashore, to stumble into the cursed pickle in which I now find myself."

"Have you, then, an education? To be sure, you talk so."

"Indeed I have," said Dunburne—"a decent enough education to fit me for a gentleman, if the opportunity offered. But what of that?" he exclaimed, desperately. "I might as well have no more learning than a beggar under the bush, for all the good it does me."

The other once more flashed the light of his lantern over our young gentleman's miserable and barefoot figure. "I had a mind," says he, "to blow your brains out against the wall. I have a notion now, however, to turn you to some use instead, so I'll just spare your life for a little while, till I see how you behave."

He spoke with so much more of jocularity than he had heretofore used that Dunburne recovered in great part his dawning assurance. "I am infinitely obliged to you," he cried, "for sparing my brains; but I protest I doubt if you will ever find so good an opportunity again to murder me as you have just enjoyed."

This speech seemed to tickle his interlocutor prodigiously, for he burst into a loud and boisterous laugh, under cover of which he thrust his pistol back into his coat pocket again. "Come with me, and I'll fit you with victuals and decent clothes, of both of which you appear to stand in no little need," he said. Thereupon, and without another word, he turned and quitted the place, accompanied by his companion, who for all this time had uttered not a single sound. A little way from the church these two parted company, with only a brief word spoken between them.

Dunburne's interlocutor, with our young gentleman following close behind him, led the way in silence for a considerable distance through the long wet grass and the tempestuous darkness, until at last, still in unbroken silence, they reached the confines of an enclosure, and presently stood before a large and imposing house built of brick.

Dunburne's mysterious guide, still carrying the lantern, conducted him directly up a broad flight of steps, and opening the door, ushered him into a hallway of no inconsiderable pretensions. Thence he led the way to a dining-room beyond, where our young gentleman observed a long mahogany table, and a sideboard of carved mahogany illuminated by three or four candles. In answer to the call of his conductor, a negro servant appeared, whom the master of the house ordered to fetch some bread and cheese and a bottle of rum for his wretched guest. While the servant was gone to execute the commission the master seated himself at his ease and favored Dunburne with a long and most minute regard. Then he suddenly asked our young gentleman what was his name.

Upon the instant Dunburne did not offer a reply to this interrogation. He had been so miserably abused when he had told the truth upon the voyage that he knew not now whether to confess or deny his identity. He possessed no great aptitude at lying, so that it was with no little hesitation that he determined to maintain his incognito. Having reached this conclusion, he answered his host that his name was Tom Robinson. The other, however, appeared to notice neither his hesitation nor the name which he had seen fit to assume. Instead, he appeared to be lost in a reverie, which he broke only to bid our young gentleman to sit down and tell the story of the several adventures that had befallen him. He advised him to leave nothing untold, however shameful it might be. "Be assured," said he, "that no matter what crimes you may have committed, the more intolerable your wickedness, the better you will please me for the purpose I have in view."

Being thus encouraged, and having already embarked in disingenuosity, our young gentleman, desiring to please his host, began at random a tale composed in great part of what he recollected of the story of *Colonel Jack*, seasoned occasionally with extracts from Mr. Smollett's ingenious novel of *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*. There was hardly a petty crime or a mean action mentioned in either of these entertaining fictions that he was not willing to attribute to himself. Meanwhile he discovered, to his surprise, that lying was not really so difficult an art as he had supposed it to be. His host listened for a considerable while in silence, but at last he was obliged to call upon his penitent to stop. "To tell you the truth, Mr. What's-a-name," he cried, "I do not believe a single word you are telling me. However, I am satisfied that in you I have discovered, as I have every reason to hope, one of the most preposterous liars I have for a long time fell in with. Indeed, I protest that any one who can with so steady a countenance lie so tremendously as you have just done may be capable, if not of a great crime, at least of no inconsiderable deceit, and perhaps of treachery. If this be so, you will suit my purposes very well, though I would rather have had you an escaped criminal or a murderer or a thief."

"Sir," said Dunburne, very seriously, "I am sorry that I am not more to your mind. As you say, I can, I find, lie very easily, and if you will give me sufficient time, I dare say I can become sufficiently expert in other and more criminal matters to please even your fancy. I cannot, I fear, commit a murder, nor would I choose to embark upon an attempt at arson; but I could easily learn to cheat at cards; or I could, if it would please you better, make shift to forge your own name to a bill for a hundred pounds. I confess, however, I am entirely in the dark as to why you choose to have me enjoy so evil a reputation."

At these words the other burst into a great and vociferous laugh. "I protest," he cried, "you are the coolest rascal ever I fell in with. But come," he added, sobering suddenly, "what did you say was your name?"

"I declare, sir," said Dunburne, with the most ingenuous frankness, "I have clean forgot. Was it Tom or John Robinson?"

Again the other burst out laughing. "Well," he said, "damme, what does it matter? Thomas or John or any of the twelve—'tis all one. I see that you are a ragged, lousy beggar, and I believe you to be a runaway servant. Even if that is the worst to be said of you, you will suit me very well. As for a name, I myself will fit you with one, and it shall be of the best. I will give you a home here in the house, and will for three months clothe you like a lord. You shall live upon the best, and shall meet plenty of the genteelest company the Colonies can afford. All

that I demand of you is that you shall do exactly as I tell you for the three months that I so entertain you. Come. Is it a bargain?"

Dunburne sat for a while thinking very seriously. "First of all," said he, "I must know what is the name you have a mind to bestow upon me."

The other looked distrustfully at him for a time, and then, as though suddenly fetching up resolution, he cried out: "Well, what then? What of it? Why should I be afraid? I'll tell you. Your name shall be Frederick Dunburne, and you shall be the second son of the Earl of Clandennie."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen from heaven at Dunburne's feet he could not have been struck more entirely dumb than he was at those astounding words. He knew not for the moment where to look or what to think. At that instant the negro man came into the room, fetching the bottle of rum and the bread and cheese he had been sent for. As the sound of his entrance struck upon our young gentleman's senses he came to himself with the shock, and suddenly exploded into a burst of laughter so shrill and discordant that Captain Obediah sat staring at him as though he believed his ragged beneficiary had gone clean out of his senses.

IV—A ROMANTIC EPISODE in the LIFE of a YOUNG LADY.

MISS BELINDA BELFORD, the daughter and only child of Colonel William Belford, was a young lady possessed of no small pretensions to personal charms of the most exalted order. Indeed, many excellent judges in such matters regarded her, without doubt, as the reigning belle of the Northern Colonies. Of a medium height, of a slight but generously rounded figure, she bore herself with an indescribable grace and dignity of carriage. Her hair, which was occasionally permitted to curl in ringlets upon her snowy neck, was of a brown so dark and so soft as at times to deceive the admiring observer into a belief that it was black. Her eyes, likewise of a dark brown color, were of a most melting and liquid lustre; her nose, though slight, was sufficiently high, and modelled with so exquisite a delicacy as to lend an exceeding charm to her whole countenance. She was easily the belle of every assembly which she graced with her presence, and her name was the toast of every garrison town of the Northern provinces.

Madam Belford and her lovely daughter were engaged one pleasant morning in entertaining a number of friends, in the genteel English manner, with a dish of tea and a bit of gossip. Upon this charming company Colonel Belford suddenly intruded, his countenance displaying an excessive though not displeasing agitation.

"My dear! my dear!" he cried, "what a piece of news have I for you! It is incredible and past all belief! Who, ladies, do you suppose is here in New Hope? Nay, you cannot guess; I shall have to enlighten you. 'Tis none other than Frederick Dunburne, my lordship's second son. Yes, you may well look amazed. I saw and spoke with him this very morning, and that not above a half-hour ago. He is travelling incognito, but my brother Obediah discovered his identity, and is now entertaining him at his new house upon the Point. A large party of young officers from the garrison are there, all very gay with cards and dice, I am told. My noble young gentleman knew me so soon as he clapped eyes upon me. 'This,' says he, 'if I am not mistook, must be Colonel Belford, my father's honored friend.' He is," exclaimed the speaker, "a most interesting and ingenuous youth, with extremely lively and elegant manners, and a person exactly resembling that of his dear and honored father."

It may be supposed into what a flutter this piece of news cast those who heard it. "My dear," cried Madam Belford, as soon as the first extravagance of the general surprise had passed by to an easier acceptance of Colonel Belford's tidings—"my dear, why did you not bring him with you to present him to us all? What an opportunity have you lost!"

"Indeed, my dear," said Colonel Belford, "I did not forget to invite him hither. He protested that nothing could afford him greater pleasure, did he not have an engagement with some young gentlemen from the garrison. But, believe me, I would not let him go without a promise. He is to dine with us to-morrow at two; and, Belinda, my dear"—here Colonel Belford pinched his daughter's blushing cheek—"you must assume your best appearance for so serious an occasion. I am informed that my noble young gentleman is extremely particular in his tastes in the matter of female excellence."

"Indeed, papa," cried the young lady, with great vivacity, "I shall attempt no extraordinary graces upon my young gentleman's account, and that I promise you. I protest," she exclaimed, with spirit, "I have no great opinion of him who would come thus to New Hope without a single word to you, who are his father's confidential correspondent. Nor do I admire the taste of one who would choose to cast himself upon the hospitality of my uncle Obediah rather than upon yours."

"My dear," said Colonel Belford, very soberly, "you express your opinion with a most unwarranted levity, considering the exalted position your subject occupies. I may, however, explain to you that he came to America quite unexpectedly and by an accident. Nor would he have declared his incognito, had not my brother Obediah discovered it almost immediately upon his arrival. He would not, he declared, have visited New Hope at all, had not Captain Obediah Belford urged his hospitality in such a manner as to preclude all denial."

But to this reproof Miss Belinda, who was, indeed, greatly indulged by her parents, made no other reply than to toss her head with a pretty sauciness, and to pout her cherry lips in an infinitely becoming manner.

But though our young lady protested so emphatically against assuming any unusual charms for the entertainment of their expected visitor, she none the less devoted no small consideration to that very thing that she had so exclaimed against. Accordingly, when she was presented to her father's noble guest, what with her heightened color and her eyes sparkling with the emotions evoked by the occasion, she so impressed our young gentleman that he could do little but stand regarding her with an astonishment that for the moment caused him to forget those graces of deportment that the demands of elegance called upon him to assume.

However, he recovered himself immediately, and proceeded to take such advantage of his introduction that by the time they were seated at the dinner table he found himself conversing with his fair partner with all the ease and vivacity imaginable. Nor in this exchange of polite raillery did he discover her wit to be in any degree less than her personal charms.

"Indeed, madam," he exclaimed, "I am now more than ready to thank that happy accident that has transported me, however much against my will, from England to America. The scenery, how beautiful! Nature, how fertile! Woman, how exquisite! Your country," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "is like heaven!"

"Indeed, sir," cried the young lady, vivaciously, "I do not take your praise for a compliment. I protest I am acquainted with no young gentleman who would not defer his enjoyment of heaven to the very last extremity."

"To be sure," quoth our hero, "an ambition for the abode of saints is of too extreme a nature to recommend itself to a modest young fellow of parts. But when one finds himself thrown into the society of an houri—"

"And do you indeed have houris in England?" exclaimed the young lady. "In America you must be content with society of a much more earthly constitution!"

"Upon my word, miss," cried our young gentleman, "you compel me to confess that I find myself in the society of one vastly more to my inclination than that of any houri of my acquaintance."

With such lively badinage, occasionally lapsing into more serious discourse, the dinner passed off with a great deal of pleasantness to our young gentleman, who had prepared himself for something prodigiously dull and heavy. After the repast, a pipe of tobacco in the summer-house and a walk in the garden so far completed his cheerful impressions that when he rode away toward Pig and Sow Point he found himself accompanied by the most lively, agreeable thoughts imaginable. Her wit, how subtle! Her person, how beautiful! He surprised himself smiling with a fatuous indulgence of his enjoyable fancies.

Nor did the young lady's thoughts, though doubtless of a more moderate sort, assume a less pleasing perspective. Our young gentleman was favored with a tall, erect figure, a high nose, and a fine, thin face expressive of excellent breeding. It seemed to her that his manners possessed an elegance and a grace that she had never before discovered beyond the leaves of Mr. Richardson's ingenious novels. Nor was she unaware of the admiration of herself that his countenance had expressed. Upon so slender a foundation she amused herself for above an hour, erecting such castles in the air that, had any one discovered her thought, she would have perished of mortification.

But though our young lady so yielded herself to the enjoyment of such silly dreams as might occur to any miss of a lively imagination and vivacious temperament, the reader is to understand that she had yet so much dignity and spirit as to cover these foolish and romantic fancies with a cloak of so delicate and so subtle a reserve that when the young gentleman called to pay his respects the next afternoon he quitted her presence ten times more infatuated with her charms than he had been the day before.

Nor can it be denied that our young lady knew perfectly well how to make the greatest use of such opportunities. She already possessed a great deal of experience in teasing the other sex with those delicious though innocent torments that cause the eyes of the victim to remain awake at night and the fancy to dream throughout the day.

Such presently became the condition of our young gentleman that at the end of the month he knew not whether his present life had continued for weeks or for years; in the charming infatuation that overpowered him he considered nothing of time, every other consideration being engulfed in his desire for the society of his charmer. Cards and dice lost for him their accustomed pleasure, and when a gay society would be at Belford's Palace it was with the utmost difficulty that he assumed so much patience as to take his part in those dissipations that there obtained. Relieved from them, he flew with redoubled ardor back to the gratification of his passion again.

In the mean time Captain Obediah had become so accustomed to the presence of his guest that he made no pretence of any concealment of that iniquitous, dreadful avocation that lent to Pig and Sow Point so great a terror in those parts. Rather did the West Indian appear to court the open observation of his dependent.

One exquisite day in the last of October our young gentleman had spent the greater part of the afternoon in the society of the beautiful object of his regard. The leaves, though fallen from the trees in great abundance, appeared thereby only to have admitted of the passage of a riper radiance of golden sunlight through the thinning branches. This and the ardor of his passion had so transported our hero that when he had departed from her presence he seemed to walk as light as a feather, and knew not whether it was the warmth of the sunlight or the heat of his own impetuous transports that filled the universe with so extreme a brightness.

Overpowered with these absorbing and transcendent introspections, he approached his now odious home upon Pig and Sow Point by way of the old meeting-house. There of a sudden he came upon his patron, Captain Obediah, superintending the burial of the last of three victims of his odious commerce, who had died that afternoon. Two had already been interred, and the third newmade grave was in the process of being filled. Two men, one a negro and the other a white, had nearly completed their labor, tramping down the crumbling earth as they shovelled it into the shallow excavation. Meanwhile Captain Obediah stood near by, his red coat flaming in the slanting light, himself smoking a pipe of tobacco with all the ease and coolness imaginable. His hands, clasped behind his back, held his ivory-headed cane, and as our hero approached, he turned an evil countenance upon him, and greeted him with a grin at once droll, mischievous, and malevolent in the extreme. "And how is our pretty charmer this afternoon?" quoth Captain Obediah.

Conceive, if you please, of a man floating in the most ecstatic delight of heaven pulled suddenly thence down into the most filthy extremity of hell, and then you shall understand the emotions of disgust and repugnance and loathing that overpowered our hero, who, awakening thus suddenly out of his dream of love, found himself in the presence of that grim and obscene spectacle of death—who, arousing from such absorbing and exquisite meditations, heard his ears greeted with so rude and vulgar an address.

Acknowledging to himself that he did not dare offer an immediate reply to his host, he turned upon his heel and walked away, without expressing a single word.

He was not, however, permitted to escape thus easily. He had not taken above twenty steps, when, hearing footsteps behind him, he turned his head to discover Captain Obediah skipping rapidly after him in a prodigious hurry, swinging his cane, and chuckling preposterously to himself, as though in the enjoyment of some most exquisite piece of drollery. "What!" he cried, as soon as he could catch his breath from his hurry: "What! What!

Can't you answer, you villain? Why, blind my eyes! a body would think you were a lord's son indeed, instead of being, as I know you, a beggarly runaway servant, whom I took in like a mangy cat out of the rain. But come, come—no offence, my boy! I'll be no hard master to you. I've heard how the wind blows, and I've kept my ears open to all your doings. I know who is your sweetheart. Harkee, you rascal! You have a fancy for my niece, have you? Well, your apple is ripe if you choose to pick it. Marry your charmer and be damned; and if you'll serve me by taking her thus in hand, I'll pay you twenty pounds upon your wedding-day. Now what do you say to that, you lousy beggar in borrowed clothes?"

Our young gentleman stopped short and looked his tormentor full in the face. The thought of his father's anger alone had saved him from entangling himself in the web of his passions; this he forgot upon the instant. "Captain Obediah Belford," quoth he, "you're the most consummate villain ever I beheld in all of my life; but if I have the good fortune to please the young lady, I wish I may die if I don't serve you in this!"

At these words Captain Obediah, who appeared to take no offence at his guest's opinion of his honesty, burst out into a great boisterous laugh, flinging back his head and dropping his lower jaw so preposterously that the setting sun shone straight down his wide and cavernous gullet.

V—How the Devil was cast out of the Meeting-House.

THE news that the Honorable Frederick Dunburne, second son of the Earl of Clandennie, was to marry Miss Belinda Belford, the daughter and only child of Colonel William Belford, of New Hope, was of a sort to arouse the keenest and most lively interest in all those parts of the Northern Colonies of America.

The day had been fixed, and all the circumstances arranged with such particularity that an invitation was regarded as the highest honor that could befall the fortunate recipient. There were to be present on this interesting occasion two Colonial governors and their ladies, an English general, the captain of the flag-ship *Achilles*, and above a score of Colonial magnates and ladies of distinction.

Captain Obediah had not been bidden to either the ceremony or the breakfast. This rebuff he had accepted with prodigious amusement, which, not limiting itself to the immediate occasion, broke forth at intervals for above two weeks. Now it might express itself in chuckles of the most delicious entertainment, vented as our captain walked up and down the hall of his great house, smoking his pipe and cracking the knuckles of his fingers; at other times he would burst forth into incontrollable fits of laughter at the extravagant deceit which he believed himself to be imposing upon his brother, Colonel Belford.

At length came the wedding-day, with such circumstances of pomp and display as the exceeding wealth and Colonial dignity of Colonel Belford could surround it. For the wedding-breakfast the great folding-doors between the drawing-room and the dining-room of Colonel Belford's house were flung wide open, and a table extending the whole length of the two apartments was set with the most sumptuous and exquisite display of plate and china. Around the board were collected the distinguished company, and the occasion was remarkable not less for the richness of its display than for the exquisite nature of the repast intended to celebrate so auspicious an occasion.

At the head of the board sat the young couple, radiant with an engrossing happiness that took no thought of what the future might have in store for it, but was contented with the triumphant ecstasy of the moment.

These elegant festivities were at their height, when there suddenly arose a considerable disputation in the hallway beyond, and before any one could inquire as to what was occurring, Captain Obediah Belford came stumping into the room, swinging his ivory-headed cane, and with an expression of the most malicious triumph impressed upon his countenance. Directing his address to the bridegroom, and paying no attention to any other one of the company, he cried out: "Though not bidden to this entertainment, I have come to pay you a debt I owe. Here is twenty pounds I promised to pay you for marrying my niece."

Therewith he drew a silk purse full of gold pieces from his pocket, which he hung over the ferrule of his cane and reached across the table to the bridegroom. That gentleman, upon his part (having expected some such episode as this), arose, and with a most polite and elaborate bow accepted the same and thrust it into his pocket.

"And now, my young gentleman," cried Captain Obediah, folding his arms and tucking his cane under his armpit, looking the while from under his brows upon the company with a most malevolent and extravagant grin—"and now, my young gentleman, perhaps you will favor the ladies and gentlemen here present with an account of what services they are I thus pay for."

"To be sure I will," cried out our hero, "and that with the utmost willingness in the world."

During all this while the elegant company had sat as with suspended animation, overwhelmed with wonder at the singular address of the intruder. Even the servants stood still with the dishes in their hands the better to hear the outcome of the affair. The bride, overwhelmed by a sudden and inexplicable anxiety, felt the color quit her face, and reaching out, seized her lover's hand, who took hers very readily, holding it tight within his grasp. As for Colonel and Madam Belford, not knowing what this remarkable address portended, they sat as though turned to stone, the one gone as white as ashes, and the other as red in the face as a cherry. Our young gentleman, however, maintained the utmost coolness and composure of demeanor. Pointing his finger toward the intruder, he exclaimed: "In Captain Obediah Belford, ladies and gentlemen, you behold the most unmitigated villain that ever I met in all of my life. With an incredible spite and vindictiveness he not only pursued my honored father-in-law, Colonel Belford, but has sought to wreak an unwarranted revenge upon the innocent and virtuous young lady whom I have now the honor to call my wife. But how has he overreached himself in his machinations! How has he entangled his feet in the net which he himself has spread! I will tell you my history, as he bids me to do, and you may then judge for yourselves!"

At this unexpected address Captain Obediah's face fell from its expression of malicious triumph, growing longer and longer, until at last it was overclouded with so much doubt and anxiety that, had he been threatened by the loss of a thousand pounds, he could not have assumed a greater appearance of mortification and dejection. Meantime, regarding him with a mischievous smile, our young gentleman began the history of all those adventures that had befallen him from the time he embarked upon the memorable expedition with his two companions in dissipation from York Stairs. As his account proceeded Captain Obediah's face altered by degrees from its natural brown to a sickly yellow, and then to so leaden a hue that it could not have assumed a more ghastly appearance were he about to swoon dead away. Great beads of sweat gathered upon his forehead and trickled down his cheeks. At last he could endure no more, but with a great and strident voice, such as might burst forth from a devil tormented, he cried out: "'Tis a lie! 'Tis all a monstrous lie! He is a beggarly runaway servant whom I took in out of the rain and fed and housed—to have him turn thus against me and strike the hand that has benefited him!"

"Sir," replied our young gentleman, with a moderate and easy voice, "what I tell you is no lie, but the truth. If any here misdoubts my veracity, see, here is a letter received by the last packet from my honored father. You, Colonel Belford, know his handwriting perfectly well. Look at this and tell me if I am deceiving you."

At these words Colonel Belford took the letter with a hand that trembled as though with palsy. He cast his eyes over it, but it is to be doubted whether he read a single word therein contained. Nevertheless, he saw enough to satisfy his doubts, and he could have wept, so great was the relief from the miserable and overwhelming anxiety that had taken possession of him since the beginning of his brother's discourse.

Meantime our young gentleman, turning to Captain Obediah, cried out, "Sir, I am indeed an instrument of Providence sent hither to call your wickedness to account," and this he spoke with so virtuous an air as to command the admiration of all who heard him. "I have," he continued, "lived with you now for nearly three odious months, and I know every particularity of your habits and such circumstances of your life as you are aware of. I now proclaim how you have wickedly and sacrilegiously turned the old Free Grace Meeting-House into a slave-pen, whence for above a year you have conducted a nefarious and most inhuman commerce with the West Indies."

At these words Captain Obediah, being thrown so suddenly upon his defence, forced himself to give forth a huge and boisterous laugh. "What then?" he cried. "What wickedness is there in that? What if I have provided a few sugar-plantations with negro slaves? Are there not those here present who would do no better if the opportunity offered? The place is mine, and I break no law by a bit of quiet slave-trading."

"I marvel," cried our young gentleman, still in the same virtuous strain—"I marvel that you can pass over so wicked a thing thus easily. I myself have counted above fifty graves of your victims on Pig and Sow Point. Repent, sir, whilst there is yet time."

But to this adjuration Captain Obediah returned no other reply than to burst forth into a most wicked, impudent laugh.

"Is it so?" cried our young gentleman. "Do you dare me to further exposures? Then I have here another evidence to confront you that may move you to a more serious consideration." With these words he drew forth from his pocket a packet wrapped in soft white paper. This he unfolded, holding up to the gaze of all a bright and shining object. "This," he exclaimed, "I found in Captain Obediah's writing-desk whilst I was hunting for some wax with which to seal a letter." It was the gold snuff-box of the late Collector Goodhouse. "What," he cried, "have you, sir, to offer in explanation of the manner in which this came into your possession? See, here engraved upon the lid is the owner's name and the circumstance of his having saved my own poor life. It was that first called my attention to it, for I well recollect how my father compelled me to present it to my savior. How came it into your possession, and why have you hidden it away so carefully for all this while? Sir, in the death of Lieutenant Goodhouse I suspect you of a more sinister fault than that of converting yonder poor sanctuary into a slave-pen. So soon as Captain Morris of your slave-ship returns from Jamaica I shall have him arrested, and shall compel him to explain what he knows of the circumstances of the Lieutenant's unfortunate murder."

At the sight of so unexpected an object in the young gentleman's hand Captain Obediah's jaw fell, and his cavernous mouth gaped as though he had suddenly been stricken with a palsy. He lifted a trembling hand and slowly and mechanically passed it along that cheek which was so discolored with gunpowder stain. Then suddenly gathering himself together and regaining those powers that appeared for a moment to have fled from him, he cried out, aloud: "I swear to God 'twas all an accident! I pushed him down the steps, and he fell and broke his neck!"

Our young gentleman regarded him with a cold and collected smile. "That, sir," said he, "you shall have the opportunity to explain to the proper authorities—unless," he added, "you choose to take yourself away from these parts, and to escape the just resentment of those laws to which you may be responsible for your misdemeanors."

"I shall," roared Captain Obediah, "stand my trial in spite of you all! I shall live to see you in torments yet! I shall—" He gaped and stuttered, but could find no further words with which to convey his infinite rage and disappointed spite. Then turning, and with a furious gesture, he rushed forth and out of the house, thrusting those aside who stood in his way, and leaving behind him a string of curses fit to set the whole world into a blaze.

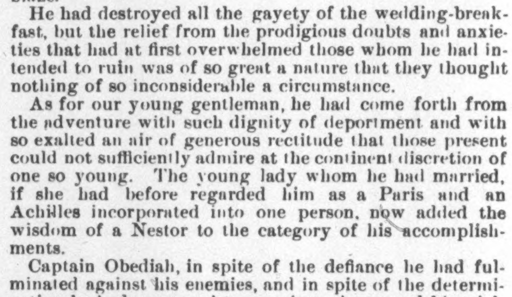
He had destroyed all the gayety of the wedding-breakfast, but the relief from the prodigious doubts and anxieties that had at first overwhelmed those whom he had intended to ruin was of so great a nature that they thought nothing of so inconsiderable a circumstance.

As for our young gentleman, he had come forth from the adventure with such dignity of deportment and with so exalted an air of generous rectitude that those present could not sufficiently admire at the continent discretion of one so young. The young lady whom he had married, if she had before regarded him as a Paris and an Achilles incorporated into one person, now added the wisdom of a Nestor to the category of his accomplishments.

Captain Obediah, in spite of the defiance he had fulminated against his enemies, and in spite of the determination he had expressed to remain and to stand his trial, was within a few days known to have suddenly and mysteriously departed from New Hope. Whether or not he misdoubted his own rectitude too greatly to put it to the test of a trial, or whether the mortification incident upon the failure of his plot was too great for him to support, it was clearly his purpose never to return again. For within a month the more valuable of his belongings were removed from his great house upon Pig and Sow Point and were loaded upon a barque that came into the harbor for that purpose. Thence they were transported no one knew whither, for Captain Obediah was never afterward observed in those parts.

Nor was the old meeting-house ever again disturbed by such manifestations as had terrified the community for so long a time. Nevertheless, though the Devil was thus exorcised from his abiding-place, the old church never lost its evil reputation, until it was finally destroyed by fire about ten years after the incidents herein narrated.

In conclusion it is only necessary to say that when the Honorable Frederick Dunburne presented his wife to his noble family at home, he was easily forgiven his *mésalliance* in view of her extreme beauty and vivacity. Within a year or two Lord Carrickford, his elder brother, died of excessive dissipation in Florence, where he was then attached to the English Embassy, so that our young gentleman thus became the heir-apparent to his father's title, and so the legitimate and illegitimate branches of the family were united into one.



THROUGH THE BAD BEND.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. ROGERS.

A WILDLY beautiful cleft through the Cumberland Range opens into the head of Powell's Valley, in Virginia, and forms "the Gap." From this point a party of us were going bass-fishing on a fork of the Cumberland River over in the Kentucky mountains. It was Sunday, and several Kentucky mountaineers had crossed over that day to take their first ride on the cars, and to see "the city"—as the Gap has been prophetically called ever since it had a cross-roads store, one little hotel, two farm-houses, and a blacksmith's shop. From them we learned that we could ride down Powell's Valley and get to the fork of the Cumberland by simply climbing over the mountain. As the mountaineers were going back home the same day, Breck and I boarded the train with them, intending to fish down the fork of the river to the point where the rest would strike the same stream, two days later.

At the second station down the road a crowd of Virginia mountaineers got on board. Most of them were drunk, and the festivities soon began. One drunken young giant pulled his revolver, swung it back over his shoulder—the muzzle almost grazing a woman's face behind him—and swung it up again to send a bullet crashing through the top of the car. The hammer was at the turning-point when a companion caught his wrist. At the same time the fellow's sister sprang across the aisle, and wrenching the weapon from his grasp, hid it in her dress. Simultaneously his partner at the other end of the car was drawing a .45 Colt's half as long as his arm. A quick panic ran through the car, and in a moment there was no one in it with us but the mountaineers, the conductor, one brakeman, and one other man who sat still in his seat with one hand under his coat. The prospect was neither pleasant nor peaceful, and we rose to our feet and waited. The disarmed giant was raging through the aisle searching and calling, with mighty oaths, for his pistol. The other had backed into a corner of the car, waving his revolver, turning his head from side to side to avoid a surprise in the rear, white with rage, and just drunk enough to shoot. The little conductor was as unmoved and smiling, and by some quiet mesmerism he kept the two in subjection until the station was reached.

The train moved out and left us among the drunken maniacs, no house in sight, the darkness settling on us, and the unclimbed mountain looming up into it. The belligerents paid no attention to us, however, but disappeared quickly, with an occasional pistol-shot and a yell from the bushes, each time sounding farther away. The Kentucky mountaineers were going to climb the mountain. A storm was coming, but there was nothing else to do. We shouldered our traps and followed them.

There were eight of us—an old man and his two daughters, the husband of one of these, the sweetheart of the other, and a third man who showed suspicion of us from the beginning. This man with a flaring torch led the way; the old man followed him, and there were two mountaineers deep between the girls and us, who went last.

It was not long before a ragged line of fire cut through the blackness overhead, and the thunder began to crash and the rain to fall. The torch was beaten out, and for a moment there was a halt. Breck and I could hear a muffled argument going on in the air above us, and climbing towards the voices, we felt the lintel of a mountain cabin and heard a long drawl of welcome.

The cabin was one dark room without even a loft, the home of a newly married pair. They themselves had evidently just gotten home, for the hostess was on her knees at the big fireplace, blowing a few coals into a blaze. The rest of us sat on the two beds in the room waiting for the fire-light, and somebody began talking about the trouble on the train.

"Did you see that feller settin' thar with his hand under his coat while Jim was tryin' to shoot the brakeman?" said one. "Well, Jim killed his brother a year ago, an' the feller was jus' waitin' fer a chance to git Jim right then. I knowed that."

"Who was the big fellow who started the row, flourishing his pistol around?" I asked.

A man on the next bed leaned forward and laughed slightly. "Well, stranger, I reckon that was me."

This sounds like the opening chapter of a piece of fiction, but we had really stumbled upon this man's cabin in the dark, and he was our host. A little spinal chill made me shiver. He had not seen us yet, and I began to wonder whether he would recognize us when the light blazed up, and whether he would know that we were ready to take part against him in the car, and what would happen if he did. When the blaze did kindle, he was reaching for his hip, but he drew out a bottle of apple-jack and handed it over the foot of the bed.

"Somebody ought to 'a' knocked my head off," he said.

"That's so," said the younger girl, with sharp boldness. "I never seed sech doin's."

The old mountaineer, her father, gave her a quick rebuke, but the man laughed. He was sobering up, and apparently he had never seen us before. The young wife prepared supper, and we ate and went to bed—the ten of us in that one room. The two girls took off their shoes and stockings with frank innocence, and warmed their bare feet at the fire. The host and hostess gave up their bed to the old mountaineer and his son-in-law, and slept, like the rest of us, on the floor.

We were wakened long before day. Indeed it was pitch-dark when, after a mountain custom, we stumbled to a little brook close to the cabin and washed our faces. A wood-thrush was singing somewhere in the darkness, and its cool notes had the liquid freshness of the morning. We did not wait for breakfast, so anxious were the Kentuckians to get home, or so fearful were they of abusing their host's hospitality, though the latter urged us strenuously to stay. Not a cent would he take from anybody, and I know now that he was a moonshiner, a feudsman, an outlaw, and that he was running from the sheriff at that very time.

With a parting pull at the apple-jack, we began, on an empty stomach, that weary climb. Not far up the mountain Breck stopped, panting, while the mountaineers were swinging on up the path without an effort, even the girls; but Breck swore that he had heart-disease, and must rest. When I took part of his pack, the pretty one looked back over her shoulder and smiled at him without scorn. Both were shy, and had not spoken a dozen words with either of us. Half-way up we overtook a man and a boy, one carrying a tremendous demijohn and the other a small hand-barrel. They had been over on the Virginia side selling moonshine, and I saw the light of gladness in Breck's eye, for his own flask was wellnigh empty from returning our late host's courtesy. But both man and boy disappeared with a magical suddenness that became significant later. Already we were suspected as being revenue spies, though neither of us dreamed what the matter was.

We reached the top after daybreak, and the beauty of the sunrise over still seas of white mist and wave after wave of blue Virginia hills was unspeakable, as was the beauty of the descent on the Kentucky side, down through primeval woods of majestic

(Continued on page 1259.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

PASS on the good word. ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS befriended you. You can make friends by giving good advice.—[Adv.]

EVERY Christmas Table should have a bottle of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Greatest appetizer. —[Adv.]

THE MATHEMATICS OF A COCKTAIL

NOTHING is more positive in results or drier to handle than figures. You can always prove them. Weights and measures we must have, or your neighbor's buying-and-selling ideas will vary.

Ask any one to measure out a pint, or guess at the weight of any article. How near do they come to it? Do you think that they can measure out exactly forty drops every time?

Between the accuracy of weights and measures and your guess lies the essential difference between the Heublein Club Cocktails and all others. Your eye and hand cannot be depended upon like weights and measures used in the mixing of cocktails in quantity. Heublein Club Cocktails are always uniform—always the same. Then, again, a cocktail is a blend of liquors; all blends improve with age. You can't get much age in a cocktail you mix yourself. The Heublein Club Cocktails, made from the best of liquors, blend and improve with age.

If you are a wise citizen you know about the Heublein Club Cocktails—how good they are, and how convenient to have in your home.

If your favorite cocktail is a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth, or York, you have your choice.—[Adv.]

THE new SOHMER building now in course of erection, southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, will be ready for occupancy on or about the first of next February, when the well-known Piano Manufacturers of that name, who have been located for the past twenty-five years at 149 to 155 East Fourteenth Street, will occupy the ground and lower floors for their warerooms. This move will accommodate their large uptown trade, making access more convenient, being centrally located and readily accessible by all surface and elevated lines. A full line of their celebrated manufacture will be constantly on exhibition.—[Adv.]

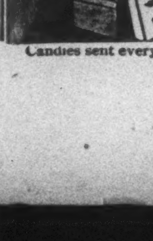
ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Xmas Presents

"Huyler's "EVERY TIME"

JUSTLY CELEBRATED

BONBONS CHOCOLATES



Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes and Baskets.

By mail or express.

863 Broadway, New York.

Candies sent everywhere by mail or express.

For a Clear Skin

Free from all imperfections, whether irritated by heat or cold, sun or wind, or whether subject to skin troubles such as **Chaps, Eruptions, Chafing, Pimples,** or **Eczema,** this cream will correct each and all. It is not a "beautifier," covering up imperfections, but so corrects them and the causes by its purifying and healing properties that it leaves the skin pure and soft, in its natural condition. Equally effective for rough, hard, or dry skin, itching piles, burns, scalds, etc. Free from oily or greasy properties, it does not obstruct the pores or leave the skin sticky or untidy. *It leaves no visible trace of its use.* After shaving it is delightful. For the baby it cures chafing wonderfully. It softens, improves, and preserves the skin, and for the face makes the complexion pure and beautiful.

FOR SALE AT DRUGGISTS, OR SENT, CHARGES PREPAID, 50 CTS.

Sample Bottle sent for 6 cents by addressing

A. S. HINDS, 21 Pine Street, Portland, Me.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

ENVELOPES THE WORLD THROUGH USE OF THE

MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

OFFICES IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.

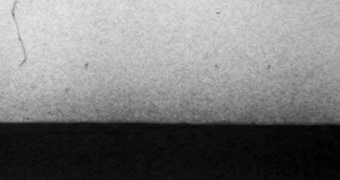
BOTTLED IN BOND.... O.D.R.

Under supervision of U.S. Internal Revenue Department, which GUARANTEES its Age, Purity, and Strength.

For sale by all Leading Dealers

If your dealer does not keep it, send postal order for $1.50 for full quart bottle, in plain wrapper; expressage prepaid. Safe delivery, and satisfaction guaranteed. Write for circular.

W. P. SQUIBB & CO., Distillers, LAWRENCEBURGH, DEARBORN CO., IND.



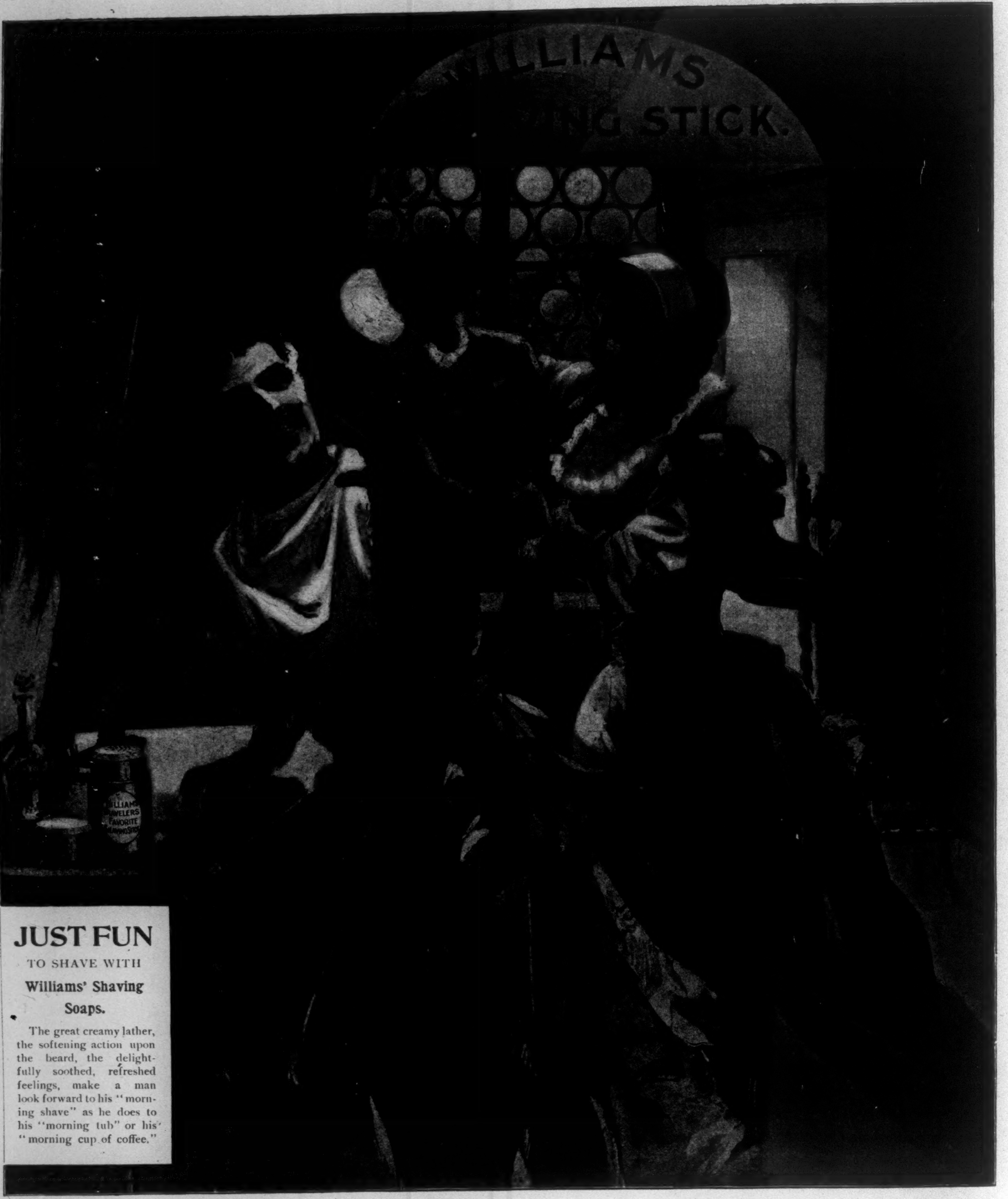
What Is It?

Why, the most delicious and exquisite Natural Champagne

Fermented in the bottle. Excels in health-giving properties. Ask your dealer for it, or address

The New Hammondsport Wine Co. Hammondsport, N. Y.

To more thoroughly introduce ou productions, we will deliver at any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains having an express office, one assorted case containing twelve bottles as follows: One pint each of Golden Age, Beef Iron and Wine, and Cognac Process Brandy, and nine quart bottles of assorted Still Wines, making 1 doz. varieties, on receipt of address accompanied with $6.00.

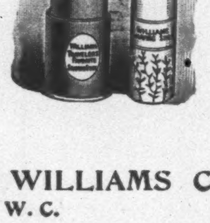


WILLIAMS' SOAPS, in forms best adapted to different tastes and uses, sold everywhere.

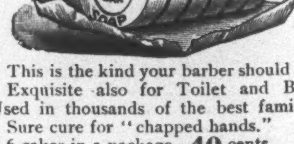
Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 cents.
Round — just fits the cup.
Delightfully perfumed.

"Genuine Yankee" Soap
10 cents.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.

Williams' Shaving Stick
25 cents.



Williams' Shaving Soap
(Barbers').



This is the kind your barber should use.
Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath.
Used in thousands of the best families.
Sure cure for "chapped hands."
6 cakes in a package—40 cents.
Trial sample for 2-cent stamp.

NOTE.—If your dealer does not supply you with these Soaps, we will mail them, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price. All four kinds sent for $1.00 in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.
LONDON: 64 Great Russell St., W. C. SYDNEY, Australia: 161 Clarence St.

(Continued from page 1257.)

oak and poplar, under a trembling world of dew-drenched leaves, and along a tumbling series of waterfalls that flashed through tall ferns, blossoming laurel, and shining leaves of rhododendron.

The sun was an hour high when we reached the foot of the mountain. There the old man and the young girl stopped at a little cabin where lived the son-in-law. We too were pressed to stop, but we went on with the suspicious one to his house, where we got breakfast. There the people took pay, for their house was weather-boarded, and they were more civilized; or perhaps for the reason that the man thought us spies. I did not like his manner, and I got the first unmistakable hint of his suspicions after breakfast. I was down behind the barn, and he and another mountaineer came down on the other side.

"Didn't one o' them fellers come down this way?" I heard him ask.

I started to make my presence known, but he spoke too quickly, and I concluded it was best to keep still.

"No tellin' whut them damn fellers is up to. I don't like their occupation."

That is, we were the first fishermen to cast a minnow with a reel into those waters, and it was beyond the mountaineer's comprehension to understand how two men could afford to come so far and spend time and a little money just for the fun of fishing. They supposed we were fishing for profit, and later they asked us how we kept our less hours we cast down that too narrow and too shallow stream before we learned that there was a dam two miles farther down, and at once we took the land for it. It was after dinner when we reached it, and there the boys left us. We could not induce them to go farther. An old miller sat outside his mill across the river, looking at us with some curiosity but no surprise, for the coming of a stranger in those mountains is always known miles ahead of him.

We told him our names and that we were from Virginia, but were natives of the Blue-Grass, and we asked if he could give us dinner. His house was half a mile farther down the river, he said, but the women folks were at home, and he reckoned they would give us something to eat. When we started, I shifted my revolver from my pocket to a kodak-camera case that I had brought along to hold fishing-tackle.

"I suppose I can put this thing in here?" I said to Breck, not wanting to risk arrest for carrying concealed weapons and the confiscation of the pistol, which was valuable. Breck hesitated, and the old miller studied us keenly.

"Well," he said, "if you two air from Kanetucky, hit strikes me you ought to know the laws of yo' own State. You can carry it in thar as baggage," he added, quietly, and I knew that my question had added another fagot to the flame of suspicion kindling against us.

In half an hour we were in the cool shade of a spreading apple-tree in the miller's yard, with our bare feet in thick cool grass, while the miller's wife and his buxom red-cheeked daughter got us dinner. And a good dinner it was; and we laughed and cracked jokes at each other till the sombre, suspicious old lady relaxed and laughed too, and the girl lost some of her timidity and looked upon Breck with wide-eyed admiration, while Breck ogled back outrageously.

"THE REST OF US SAT ON THE TWO BEDS."

fish fresh, and how we got them over the mountain, and where we sold them. With this idea, naturally it was a puzzle to them how we could afford to give a boy a quarter for a dozen minnows, and then perhaps catch not a single fish with them.

When I got back to the house Breck was rigging his rod, with a crowd of spectators around him. Such a rod and such a fisherman had never been seen in that country before. Breck was dressed in a white tennis shirt, blue gymnasium breeches, blue stockings, and white tennis shoes. With a cap on his shock of black hair and a .38 revolver in his belt, he was a thing for those women to look at and to admire and for the men to scorn—secretly, of course, for there was a look in his black eyes that forced guarded respect in any crowd. The wonder of those mountaineers when he put his rod together, fastened the reel, and tossed his hook fifty feet in the air was worth the morning's climb to see. At the same time they made fun of our rods, and laughed at the idea of getting out a big "green pyerch"—as the mountaineers call bass—with "them switches." Their method is to tie a strong line to a long hickory sapling, and, when they strike a bass, to put the stout pole over one shoulder and walk ashore with it. Before the sun was over the mountain, we were wading down the stream, while two boys carried our minnows and clothes along the bank. The news of our coming went before us, and every now and then a man would roll out of the bushes with a gun and look at us with much suspicion and some wonder. For two luck-

After dinner a scowling mountaineer led a mule through the yard and gave us a surly nod. Two horsemen rode up to the gate and waited to escort us down the river. One of them carried our baggage, for no matter what he suspects, the mountaineer will do anything in the world for a stranger until the moment of actual conflict comes. In our green innocence we thought it rather a good joke that we should be taken for revenue men, so that, Breck's flask being empty, he began by telling one of the men that we had been wading the river all the morning, that the water was cold, and that, anyway, a little swallow now and then often saved a fellow from a cold and fever. He had not been able to get any from anybody—and couldn't the man *do* something? The mountaineer was touched, and he took the half-dollar that Breck gave him, and turned it over, with a whispered consultation, to one of two more horsemen that we met later on the road. Still farther on we found a beautiful hole of water, edged with a smooth bank of sand—a famous place, the men told us, for green "pyerch." Mountaineers rolled out of the bushes to watch us while we were rigging up, some with guns and some without. We left our pistols on the shore, and several examined them curiously, especially mine, which was hammerless. Later I showed them how it worked, and explained that one advantage of it was that in close quarters the other man could not seize your pistol, get his finger or thumb under your hammer, and prevent you from shooting at all. This often happens in a fight, of course, and the point appealed to them strongly, but I could see that they were wondering why I should be carrying a gun that was good for close quarters, since close quarters are rarely necessary except in case of making arrests. Pretty soon the two men who had gone for Breck's "moonshine" returned, and a gleam rose in Breck's eye and went quickly down. Instead of a bottle, the boy handed back the half-dollar.

"I couldn't git any," he said. He lied, of course, as we both knew, and the disappointment in Breck's face was so sincere that his companion, with a gesture that was half sympathy, half defiance, whisked a bottle from his hip.

"Well, by ——, I'll give him a drink!"

It was fiery, white as water, and so fresh that we could taste the smoke in it, but it was good, and we were grateful. All the afternoon from two to a dozen people watched us fish, but we had poor luck, which is never a surprise fishing for bass. Perhaps the fish had gone to nesting, or the trouble may have been the light of the moon, during which they feed all night, and are not so hungry through the day; or it may have been any of the myriad reasons that make the mystery and fascination of catching bass. At another time, and from the same stream, I have seen two rods take out one hundred bass, ranging from one to five pounds in weight, in a single day. In an hour by sun we struck for the house of the old man with whom we had crossed the mountain, and that night we learned that we had passed through a locality alive with moonshiners, and banded together with such system and determination that the revenue agents rarely dared to make a raid on them. We were supposed to be two spies who were expected to come in there that spring. We had passed within thirty yards of a dozen stills, and our host hinted where we might find them. We thanked him, and told him we preferred to keep as far away from them as possible. He was much puzzled. He also said we had been in the headquarters of a famous desperado, who was the leader of the Howard faction in the famous Howard-Turner feud. He was a non-combatant himself, but he had "feelin's," as he phrased it, for the other side. He was much surprised when we told him we were going back there next day. We had told the people we were coming back, and next morning we were foolish enough to go.

As soon as we struck the river we saw a man with a Winchester sitting on a log across the stream, as though his sole business in life was to keep an eye on us. All that day we were never out of sight of a mountaineer and a gun; we never had been, I presume, since our first

"SOME WOMEN PASSED ALONG IN THE PATH ABOVE US."

breakfast on that stream. Still, everybody was kind and hospitable and honest — how honest this incident will show. An old woman cooked dinner especially for us, and I gave her two quarters. She took them, put them away, and while she sat smoking her pipe I saw something was troubling her. She got up presently, went into a room, came back, and without a word dropped one of the quarters into my hand. Half a dollar was too much. They gave us moonshine too, and Breck remarked casually that we were expecting to meet our friends at Uncle Job Turner's, somewhere down the river. They would have red whiskey from the Blue-Grass and we would be all right. Then he asked how far down Uncle Job lived. The remark and the question occasioned very badly concealed excitement, and I wondered what had happened, but I did not ask. I was getting wary, and I had become quite sure that the fishing must be better down, very far down, that stream. When we started again, the mountaineers evidently held a quick council of war. One can hear a long distance over water at the quiet of dusk, and they were having a lively discussion about us and our business over there. Somebody was defending us, and I recognized the voice as belonging to a red-whiskered fellow who said he had lived awhile in the Blue-Grass, and had seen young fellows starting to the Kentucky River to fish for fun. "Oh, them damn fellers ain't up to nothin'," we could hear him say, with the disgust of the cosmopolitan. "I tell ye, they lives in town an' they likes to git out this way!"

I have always believed that this man saved us trouble right then, for next night the mountaineers came down in a body to the house where we had last stopped. But we had gone on rather hastily, and when we reached Uncle Job Turner's, the trip behind us became more interesting than ever in retrospect. All along we asked where Uncle Job lived, and once we shouted the question across the river, where some women and boys were at work weeding corn. As usual, the answer was another question, and always the same—what were our names? Breck yelled, in answer, that we were from Virginia, and that they would be no wiser if we should tell—an answer that will always be unwise in the mountains of Kentucky as long as moonshine is made and feuds survive. We asked again, and another yell told us that the next house was Uncle Job's. The next house was rather pretentious. It had two or three rooms, apparently, and a loft, and was weather-boarded; but it was as silent as a tomb. We shouted "Hello!" from outside the fence, which is etiquette in the mountains. Not a sound. We shouted again—once, twice, many times. It was most strange. Then we waited, and shouted again, and at last a big gray-haired old fellow slouched out and asked rather surlily what we wanted.

"Dinner."

He seemed pleased that that was all, and his manner changed immediately. His wife appeared; then, as if by magic, two or three children, one a slim, wild, dark-eyed girl of fifteen, dressed in crimson homespun. As we sat on the porch I saw her passing like a flame through the dark rooms, but always, while we were there, if I entered one door she slipped out of the other. Breck was more fortunate. He came up behind her the next day at sundown while she was dancing barefooted in the dust of the road, driving her cows home. Later I saw him in the cow-pen, helping her milk. He said she was very nice, but very shy.

We got dinner, and the old man sent after a bottle of moonshine, and in an hour he was thawed out wonderfully.

We told him where we had been, and as he slowly began to believe us, he alternately grew sobered and laughed aloud.

"Went through thar fishin', did ye? Wore yo' pistols? Axed whar thar was branches whar you could ketch minners? Oh, Lawd! Didn't ye know that the stills air al'ays up the branches? Tol' 'em you was goin' *to meet a party at my house, and stay here awhile fishin'?* Oh, Lawdy! Ef that ain't a good un!"

We didn't see it, but we did later when we knew that we had come through the "Bad Bend," which was the headquarters of the Howard leader and his chief men; that Uncle Job was the most prominent man of the other faction, and lived farthest up the river of all the Turners; that he hadn't been up in the Bend for ten years, and that we had given his deadly enemies the impression that we were friends of his. As Uncle Job grew mellow, and warmed up in his confidences, something else curious came out. Every now and then he would look at me and say:

"I seed you lookin' at my pants." And then he would throw back his head and laugh. After he had said this for the third time, I did look at his "pants," and I saw that he was soaking wet to the thighs—why, I soon learned. A nephew of his had killed a man at the county-seat only a week before. Uncle Job had gone on his bond. When we shouted across the river he was in the corn-field, and when we did not tell our names, he got suspicious, and mistaking our rod-holders for guns, had supposed that his nephew had run away, and that we were officers come to arrest him. He had run down the river on the other side, had waded the stream, and was up in the loft with his Winchester on us while we were shouting at his gate. He told us this very frankly. Nor would even he believe that we were fishing. He too thought that we were officers looking through the Bad Bend for some criminal, and the least innocent mission that struck him as plausible was that perhaps we might be looking over the ground to locate a railroad, or prospecting for coal veins. When Uncle Job went down the road with us the next morning, he took his wife along, so that no Howard would try to ambush him through fear of hitting a woman. And late that afternoon, when we were fishing with Uncle Job's son in some thick bushes behind the house, some women passed along in the path above us, and seeing us but not seeing him, skurried out of sight as though frightened. Little Job grinned.

"Them women thinks the Howards have hired you fellers to layway dad."

The next morning I lost Breck, and about noon I got a note from him, written with a trembling lead-pencil, to the effect that he believed he would fish up a certain creek that afternoon. As the creek was not more than three feet wide and a few inches deep, I knew what had happened, and I climbed one of Job's mules and went to search for him. Breck had stumbled upon a moonshine still, and getting hilarious, had climbed a barrel and was making a crowd of mountaineers a fiery political speech. Breck had captured that creek, "wild-cat" still and all, and to this day I never meet a mountaineer from that region who does not ask, with a wide grin, about Breck.

When we reached the county-seat the next day we met the revenue deputy. He said the town was talking about two spies who were up the Fork. We told him that we must be the spies. The old miller was the brains of the Bend, he said, both in outwitting the revenue men and in planning the campaign of the Howard leader against the Turners, and he told us of several fights he had had in the Bad Bend. He said that we were lucky to come through alive; that what saved us was sticking to the river, hiring our minnows caught, leaving our pistols on the bank to be picked up by anybody, the defence of the red-whiskered man from the Blue-Grass, and Breck's popularity at the still. I thought he was exaggerating—that the mountaineers, even if convinced that we were spies, would have given us a chance to get out of the country—but when he took me over to a room across the street and showed me where his predecessor, a man whom I had known quite well, was shot through a window at night and killed, I was not quite so sure.

But still another straw of suspicion was awaiting us. When we reached the railroad again—by another route, you may be sure—Breck, being a lawyer, got permission for us to ride on a freight train, and thus save a night and a day. The pass for us was technically charged to the mail service. The captain and crew of the train were overwhelmingly and mysteriously polite to us—an inexplicable contrast to the surliness with which passengers are usually treated on a freight train. When we got off at the Gap, and several people greeted us by name, the captain laughed.

"Do you know what these boys thought you two were?" he asked, referring to his crew. "They thought you were freight 'spotters.'"

The crew laughed. I looked at Breck, and I didn't wonder. He was a ragged, unshaven tramp, and I was another.

Months later I got a message from the Bad Bend. Breck and I mustn't come through there any more. We have never gone through there any more. Though anybody on business that the mountaineers understand *can* go more safely than he can cross Broadway at Twenty-third Street at noon. As a matter of fact, however, there are two other forks to the Cumberland in which the fishing is very good indeed, and just now I would rather risk Broadway.

"WE WERE NEVER OUT OF SIGHT OF A MOUNTAINEER AND A GUN."

"Mamma takes O-H because she's tired. I'm tired, too."

The mother should never grow old to her children. O-H Extract of Malt helps her keep young by giving her restful sleep, quiet nerves, and good digestion.

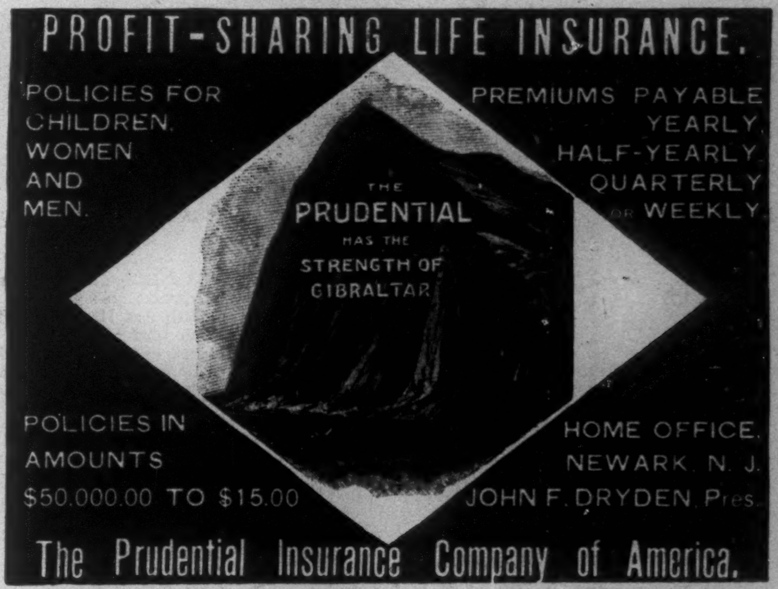
If your druggist or grocer does not sell our extract, on receipt of $2.00 we will send you one case (12 bottles) F. O. B. New York City.

Send for pamphlet. OTTO HUBER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

The American Waltham Watch Company makes forty-five varieties of movements WHICH ARE FULL JEWELED WITH RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, AND DIAMONDS. The "Riverside" movement which has seventeen jewels—twelve rubies and five sapphires—is particularly recommended as being within the means of every one and as accurate a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

For sale by all jewelers.



THE GREATEST PENETRATING LIGHT IN THE WORLD

FIRST PRACTICAL ACETYLENE GAS BICYCLE LAMP ON THE MARKET.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE ALWAYS RELIABLE

Calcium King

Sold by all dealers. Price $5 including two boxes Carbophene charges.

Strong adjustable bracket sent with each lamp.

HANDSOME PRACTICAL MECHANICAL

No oil, no wick, no smoke, no odor. Always clean; cannot jar out. Cost of maintenance nominal. Charged and re-charged in a minute. Send for circular matter, containing detailed information.

THE GEO. H. CLOWES MFG CO., Waterbury, Conn., U. S. A.

The "Calcium King" can be seen, also circular matter and further information obtained at the following places:
New York—Randolph & Clowes, 202 Postal Telegraph Bldg.
Boston—Randolph & Clowes, Oliver and Purchase Sts.
Philadelphia—Randolph & Clowes, 320 Phila. Bank Bldg.
Chicago—Randolph & Clowes, 226 Lake St.
Cincinnati—Randolph & Clowes, Room 306 Neave Bldg.
For sale also by all branch houses of the Pope Mfg. Co.

Attracts Attention

The shoe that is polished with Vici Leather Dressing looks new, looks soft, looks comfortable, looks right.

VICI

Leather Dressing

is the peer of all shoe polishes for men's, women's and children's shoes, as Vici Kid is the king of all leathers for style and wear. Ask your dealer.

An illustrated book of instruction "How to Buy and Care for your Shoes," mailed free.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $113,000,000. Assets, $31,600,000.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

SPORT IN NORTHERN QUEBEC—A CHANCE SHOT AT A MOOSE.—Drawn by Arthur Heming.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE WEARING OF CLUB COLORS.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

Do you like music? Listen to the band on my hat.
—*Variety Gag.*

To the really virtuous American the only colors worth wearing are the red, white, and blue of Old Glory. At least this is what we all think we ought to think. But what, in point of fact, we do think is a very different matter. Of late years there has been a marked disposition among undergraduates and other young men of the land to wear distinctive colors. In the college towns, in the mountains, at the sea-shore—in fact, wherever the young man is to be found, the landscape is made brighter by his presence. And at all our chief athletic contests hundreds of people are to be seen bedecked in the colors of institutions of learning, of which they have perhaps never seen the outsides. On the day of the Yale-Princeton football game Fifth Avenue swarms with Yale cabmen and Princeton cabmen, while the haberdashers on Broadway show a desire to serve Mammon under the badge of both institutions. Far be it from any man to defend such vanities; but since they exist, it behooves us all to make the best of it. And the best of it is that, when properly done, the wearing of colors contributes not a little to the success of university athletics, and perhaps gives our humdrum latter-day souls a chance to blossom forth into individual pride and loyalty.

I.

The red of Harvard and the blue of Yale were adopted for the purpose of distinguishing the rival contestants. And as the spectators in our undergraduate sports have always regarded themselves as a part of the game, they have taken to wearing the colors to do for the eye what college cheering does for the ear. Thus from the outset there arose a question as to proprietorship in college colors. What badges belong to the spectators, and what to the contestants? By the sanction of custom the rank and file are allowed to carry their colors in ribbons and flowers, and to wave the initial that stands for their institutions on flags made of the appropriate color. The right of wearing either the color or the initial letter on an athletic suit, a blazer, or a cap belongs exclusively to members of college teams. The result of giving athletics this definite badge of distinction is to increase palpably the desirability of prowess—as the badge of the Loyal Legion increases the incentive to soldierly conduct.

The distinction thus created chafed the democracy of our American spirit. At least, I remember very well an agitation at Harvard in favor of adopting the red and black blazer generally. To be sure, each class had its blazer, to which all men had a right; but it was thought undemocratic that the 'varsity players should have a blazer of their own. So the agitators began wearing the red and black. The athletes, of course, stopped wearing it; and in the course of a year, wonderful to relate, the agitators stopped too, so that nobody wore the 'varsity blazer. I cannot help feeling that the world lost a pretty and desirable vanity; and perhaps the incident helped in the subsequent reaction against blazers of any kind.

A similar thing happened at Harvard with the 'varsity sweater. The innumerable substitutes on the eleven wore the crimson H, as did also the thirty-odd men on the Mott Haven team. Then, if I remember rightly, the cricket team took it up; and, for all any one knew, the lacrosse team, the hockey team, and even the joint debaters were in a way to take up with the emblem of muscle and wind. At this the good sense of the university called a halt; and the athletic committee, frankly acknowledging the athlete's right to his particular vanity, ordained that only such and such men were to receive such and such insignia. Their value is now so great that last autumn the eleven was prevailed upon to abandon them as an extreme concession to discipline.

II.

The same solution of the difficulty had been reached in the English universities decades ago. There the "Committee of Blues," which is made up of the five leading university captains, sends a particular letter, printed in blue, to each particular man, telling him that he may have his "blue"; and until the haberdashers are apprised of this, a "blue" is not to be bought at any price. What is more, the "Committee of Blues" awards "half blues" to athletes of secondary importance; and the organization of third rate, such as the golf club, shooting club, and swimming club, does not get any blue at all, and is forced to invent colors of its own. Few or no men are too proud, and none are too humble, to wear the best colors they have, so that at both the universities you know a blue as far as you can see him. What is more, he knows that you know him, and perhaps is human enough to enjoy the fact. And the "old blue" seldom parts with his colors. In Montreal and Shanghai, Calcutta and Pretoria, he is apt to get out the dingy relic on all appropriate occasions, and revive as best he may the glory of his young-manhood. There are many, I know, who could give good reasons for calling this childish and absurd; but as we are all carried farther and farther in the involuntary race to become the oldest living graduate, there will always be a few, at least, who are glad to cherish the memory of a life of which nothing but the memory can remain. And among the many things that help to make the British sporting instinct strong and sound, this habit of wearing athletic colors is by no means the least. It stimulates ambition by giving it a tangible reward; and by giving the athletic spirit a definite means of expression, it confirms the *esprit de corps* which no winning team can be without.

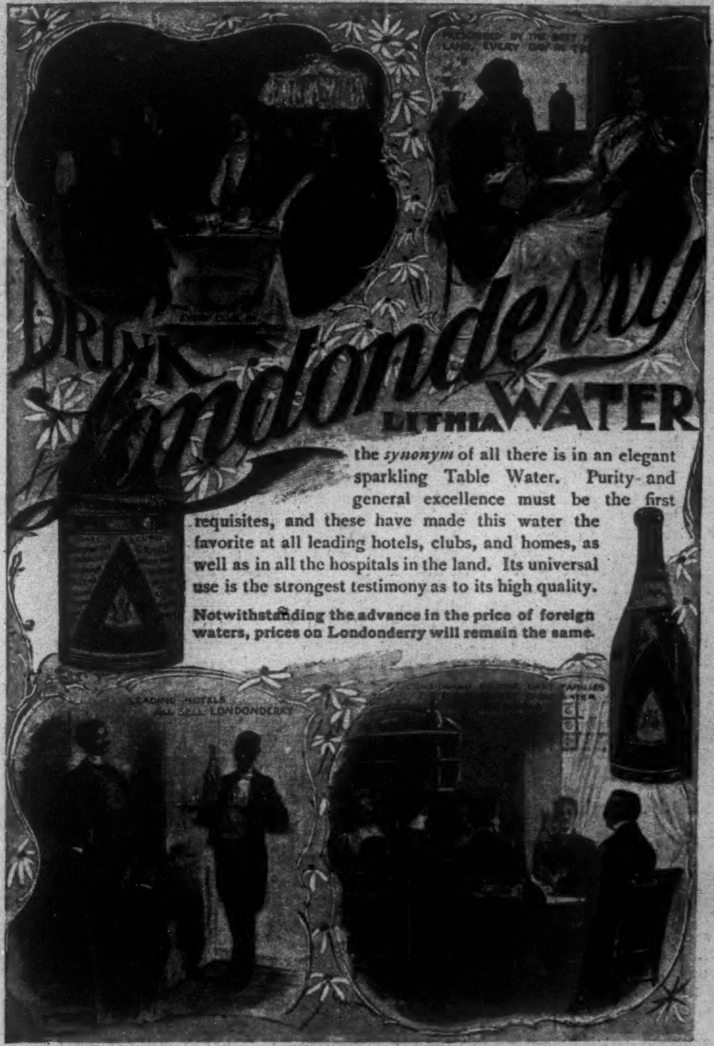
III.

How far the custom of wearing colors has spread in this country it would be hard to say. On sweaters and caps colors are probably universal; but as the wearing of these garments is very properly becoming restricted to the athletic field, the colors are no longer much in evidence in the general walks of life, at least outside of college towns. At Princeton some of the eating clubs have assumed other insignia. The Cap and Gown Club has borrowed the English academic dress, and wears the cap on any or all occasions. To an English university man the sight is strange enough, for no Oxonian or Cantab can be induced to wear his "academicals" when not required by law; in fact, a considerable part of the revenues of the University of Oxford is derived from fines of "ten bob" for not wearing them! The Ivy Club of Princeton has adopted a hat-band, a rich green, with three narrow golden stripes clustered in the middle. The Colonial Club wears dark blue and buff. At Yale there are virtually no club colors or class colors worn. The single exception, so far as I have been able to find out, is a hat-band worn by the 'varsity nine. At Cornell the university hat-band may be worn by any one. It consists of a stripe of white above a stripe of cornelian. These colors, according to tradition, were selected in honor of the founder of the college and its first president—Cornell and White.

At the University of Michigan class caps were worn in the old days when class feeling ran high, but they have long been disused. Throughout the Middle West class colors are worn only in ribbons, and chiefly on occasions when a class meets as a whole.

At Harvard the wearing of hat-bands is comparatively ancient and universal. For almost a score of years 'varsity athletes have been permitted (in addition to the more properly athletic garments) to wear hat-bands in which the university crimson is striped with black. The nine, the crew, the Mott Haven team, and, if I am not mistaken, the cricket eleven, has each a particular form of combination of stripes, and the Freshman crew has its distinctive hat-band of red and white. Besides this, each of the four classes has long had a color of its own. The Freshmen are allowed to wear the crimson striped with white. Yet, though it is the prettiest color in the university, and though they will never again as a class be able to wear any form of the 'varsity color, they are amazingly eager to abandon it. On reaching the Sophomore year they assume one of three combinations—blue and white, green and white, or orange and black. This they wear during the rest of their course, so that the classes of '92, '95, '98, etc., have all the same colors. It has been suggested that each class be allowed to wear the red with some color other than black, so that wherever a man goes he may carry the color of his university. The idea is excellent, and is perhaps good enough to overcome the force of custom and tradition. Yet even this would not always do away with confusion. At the Poughkeepsie boat-race last summer I saw not a few Harvard Freshmen visibly disconcerted at discovering that their hat-bands were identical with the cornelian and white of Cornell. And their

(Continued on page 1264.)



1831 THE 1898

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

ADMITTEDLY THE

Leading Agricultural Journal of the World.

Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines.

No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff.

Gives the agricultural news with a degree of fulness and completeness not even attempted by others.

Best Reviews of the Crops,
Best Market Reports,
Best Mechanical Execution,
Best Everything.

Price Reduced for 1898.

One Subscription, . Two Dollars
Four Subscriptions, . Seven Dollars
Six Subscriptions, . Nine Dollars

☞ **Send for Special Inducements to Agents.**

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE. Address

LUTHER TUCKER & SON,
Albany, N. Y.

The Best Home Game

Adapted for either Children or Adults.

PRICES: Paper Bound, $1 each; Cloth Bound, $2 each. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price.

PARCHEESI

The Royal Game of India

No household complete
No home happy without it

No Parlor Table Game has ever been published which has had so great a sale. For twenty years the best families have had it in their homes, and so enjoyed it that now it is always called for when the question arises, "What shall we play?"

The best game ever published. Sold by leading Book, Stationery, Toy, and Department Stores in the United States, or mailed, postpaid, by

SELCHOW & RIGHTER, 390 Broadway, N. Y.

Dr. Jaeger's

The Standard Underwear of the World

Made from the Finest Pure Wool, under the supervision of Prof. Dr. G. Jaeger, is always of one standard quality, producing the finest and softest undergarments. Beware of imitations! The genuine have

DR. JAEGER'S PORTRAIT STAMPED UPON THEM.

These garments can be made to order if desired. Explanatory and Descriptive Catalogue and Price-list sent free by mail, on application.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.

Main Retail Store:	Branches:
16 West 23d St. New York.	166 Broadway, 248 W. 125th St.

LANCE FRENCH PERFUME AUTOSPRAY

No stopper to stick—no trouble. Grasp it and the warmth of the hand sprays your favorite perfume.

Handsomely packed, suitable for gifts. Mailed on receipt of $1.00.

French Extrait Co., 92 Reade St., New York. Mention HARPER'S WEEKLY when you write.

RODEN'S CORNER

is the title of a

New Serial

by

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

(Author of "The Sowers")

which will begin in the

JANUARY ISSUE

of

Harper's Magazine

THE story is located for the most part in The Hague, but has also picturesque and noteworthy glimpses of London society. The novel will be illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP from actual studies made in England and Holland of the life represented by the author.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

Before your Christmas Dinner

The Club-Cocktails

MANHATTAN,
WHISKEY,
TOM GIN,
MARTINI,
HOLLAND GIN,
VERMOUTH, and
YORK.

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and, admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality.

In the past, the male sex were the only ones privileged to partake of that daintiest of American drinks, the "Cocktail." With the innovation of Club Cocktails it has been made possible for the gentler sex to satisfy its curiosity in regard to the concoction about which so much has been written and said, and which has heretofore not been obtainable by them.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Sold by dealers generally and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

With your Christmas Dinner

HEUBLEIN'S CLUB PUNCH

as delicious to drink as it's easy to make.

The one dinner in all the year when your punch must be a success. Make success certain by using

Heublein's Club Punch

Fill bowl with ice, pour contents of bottle over same—it's ready for use. For a delicious **Claret Cup**, add one pint of good Claret to one quart of Club Punch. Fruits in season may be added.

For an afternoon tea, evening party, yacht, or picnic, it makes entertaining easy. For sale by dealers. Prepared and guaranteed by

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn., New York, London

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

PURE KENTUCKY WHISKEY.

OLD E. L. ANDERSON

RYE OR BOURBON

QUALITY UNSURPASSED.

DIRECT FROM THE DISTILLERY

Delivered, free of charge, at your home, in **sealed case** (no marks) from two gallons up (will sell as little as one gallon, but can't pay delivery charges on less than two gallons). **Save all middlemen's profits and adulterations. Age, from 3 to 12 years.** Write for prices and full information. All business strictly confidential. Address,

The E. L. Anderson Distilling Co.

Box 888. NEWPORT, KY.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE

TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

(*Continued from page 1262.*)

discomfiture was not lessened by the result of the race. The general absence of cloth caps at Harvard is largely due to the fact that the undergraduates are apt to run back and forth from Boston, and find a change of head-dress inconvenient.

Outside the colleges, the wearing of colors is not general. Yet here and there a golf club has taken up the custom, and some of them have begun the wearing of colors in neck-ties. At least one military organization, Troop A of New York, has fallen into line. It has a hat-band which is identical with that of the Ivy Club at Princeton, except that the green is replaced by blue. A potent factor in spreading the custom of wearing colors is the fact that it has been found possible to induce young girls to wear the colors belonging to their brothers and to others.

IV.

To describe the various club colors worn in England would take not only omniscience, but an infinity of time and space. At Oxford each of the twenty colleges has its colors, which are worn both on hat-bands and in neck-ties. And the ordinary blazers, which are of blue, have the college arms embroidered in the upper pockets. Besides this, all college athletic organizations active in spring and summer have hat-bands, neck-ties, and striped blazers. Many of the more exclusive social clubs, as well as the debating clubs of limited membership, also have colors. The only notable club, so far as I know, which has no hat-band is Vincents, which fills the place of the Senior societies at Yale, and the Hasty Pudding at Harvard. I used to wonder at the number of straw hats the leading athletic and club men at Oxford sported, until I found that it was only the hat-band that changed; they are built with an elastic beneath the bow, so that a man can slip them off and on to suit his mood or the particular occasion.

Outside of the universities, also, club colors abound. The red, black, and orange of "I Zingari," the swellest of all cricket clubs, is famous from shore to shore; and the equal stripes of blue, crimson, and blue everywhere proclaim the member of the Guard. These and all other colors are amply in evidence at Henley. To the casual visitor they present a gigantic kaleidoscope which is a never-ending delight. To the native Briton they are more than this. They are like a gracious expedient of nature to make up for the uniformity of the English face and the English manner. The expression of the people one sees may have all the British stolidity, but every scrap of color tells something about the man who wears it. By making a composite of all the colors on the river one might almost represent to the eye the social eminence of any given Henley.

In its way, this wearing of colors is as effective as the concerted cheering with which we Americans backed our crews. It is certainly as unmistakable. And when our hosts at Henley allowed themselves to smile at the way we made our presence felt, we might well have given them the retort courteous. Yet I, for one, have always been glad that I refrained, for on the evening of the last day, when the myriads of craft, with their myriads of gay people, swept slowly up the river toward the landing, and a burst of light from the setting sun turned the clouds to crimson, the blue sky to yellow, and the tree-tops to a golden green, it became a privilege to see it all, and to share in the joy of those who had caused it to be. It was a richer and a more wholesome expression of the love of out-of-doors than it had ever been my fortune to see.

V.

It is, in fact, as a means of individual expression that the wearing of colors is most significant, at least to the amateur of manners; for there is a pretty definite correspondence between the way in which a generation gives account of itself in its clothes and in those arts which give greater scope to the invention. In the days when the poetic genius of our race was at its height the apparel oft proclaimed the man, and the man perforce proclaimed himself in his apparel. Now the cut of our clothes is without meaning, so that our forms are concealed rather than draped, and it is impossible to tell the strong man from the weak man, the clumsy from the lithe. In the phrase of the athletic field, a good man looks the better for every garment he takes off. More than this, the uniformity of our clothes has so dulled our perceptions that few men have the eye to know a powerful body when they see one. We all look as if we had been turned out of the same lathe, like Noah's family in the arks of our childhood. And we have not even those differences in color which used to enable us to distinguish Ham or Shem from Japhet. Every man, at least among those whose eyes are capable of bringing delight to the spirit, will welcome the growing use of colors as a step toward a finer and richer sense in dress, and perhaps he will see in it a ray of hope for the nobler arts of expression.

A REVIEW OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The season which has now ended gives Wisconsin the best title to the championship, if one can be determined.

Wisconsin's first large game was played in Minneapolis with Minnesota, and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for Minnesota, 39 to 0. Wisconsin's team was the *par excellence* defence team of the West—in fact the only team which showed the result of coaching in that line; it was only scored on once this year, and then by Chicago, the game ending 23 to 8 in favor of Wisconsin. Chicago claims that her team was not at its best that day, owing to injuries; that is true, but nevertheless Wisconsin won, and the point is not which team had the better men or had made the better record heretofore, but which team was the better at 2.30 P. M. on November 12. This the score plainly shows.

Wisconsin's aggressive policy, like Chicago's, was formed around a good kicker, O'Dea, Wisconsin's full-back, doing great work in the game, and his goal from the field from the 45-yard line was very creditable. Wisconsin's protection of her full-back when kicking was the best protection given any full-back this year, and consequently O'Dea did not have a kick blocked.

On the contrary, Gardiner, who did the punting for Chicago, owing to the injury of Hershberger, did not have the best of protection and could not do himself justice, and several of his kicks were blocked. Chicago scored her only touch-down on a muffed punt by Gregg, the Chicago end, getting the ball and running half the length of the field. Her safety was also made in nearly the same manner, in that Gregg, instead of falling on the ball after muffing a kick, tried to pick it up, and in doing so kicked it over the goal-line; but, fortunately, a Wisconsin man fell on it.

The defence put up by Wisconsin against Chicago (which in my estimation is the fastest scoring team in the West) was marvellous, and many times Wisconsin held her opponent on downs, then she would kick the ball out of danger.

On Thanksgiving day Wisconsin, on a wet field, defeated Northwestern by a score of 22 to 0. The Northwestern team greatly outweighed Wisconsin.

O'Dea was not of as great service to his team on this occasion, but Peele, Gregg, Cochems, and Riorden ran well with the ball, and Cochems and Dean did good work on the defensive. Dean, for a Freshman, has played a remarkable game, and with another year or so, practice will, if he improves as much as he should, make one of the best ends in the West.

Chicago defeated Northwestern comparatively easily, and in the second half played largely on the defensive. Northwestern had good material this year, but for some reason the team did not do itself justice. The best work for Northwestern was done by Parry, at half-back, and Thorne, guard—both good men. Hunter did not play up to his last year's form, owing, I think, to the fact that he was captain.

Chicago's best work was done by Hammil, Hershberger, Webb, and Kennedy. Not only in advancing the ball, but in the defence as well, Chicago played a kicking game, and, aside from punting, relied on end runs almost entirely, Hammil and Hershberger getting round Northwestern's right end for several runs of thirty and forty yards.

The hardest and by far the best game played by Chicago was the one played, a week after the Northwestern game, with Illinois. Chicago won by a score of 18 to 12, but not until she had been forced to put forth her best efforts.

The game, although resulting in a victory for Chicago, was a very disastrous one, as Hershberger, her captain and most valuable man, was severely injured.

The game started by Illinois scoring first; then Chicago scored twice, goals resulting all from touch-downs; the first half ended, 12 to 6, in favor of Chicago. Illinois scored in the first two minutes of the second half, and the score remained 12 to 12 for thirty-one minutes. Chicago held Illinois's line for downs four times inside her five-yard line, and only in the last minute and a half did Chicago score her final touch-down.

For Chicago, Clark, who took Hershberger's place at half-back, played a marvellous game, and largely through his individual efforts succeeded in scoring Chicago's final touch-down. Kennedy and Gardiner both played a game that makes them valuable to any team. Bodish and Webb both broke through well, and several times tackled the Illinois runner for a loss.

Sweeny of Illinois played the best game that I have seen played by a tackle this year, ran with the ball well, and his tackling was so strong that Chicago finally gave up playing his side of the line. Fisher, at guard, played a game nearly equal to that put up by Sweeny, and as they both played on the left side of Illinois's line, almost all of Chicago's gains were made outside of Illinois's right tackle. Schuler, at quarter, ran the team well, and made many gains on the double pass, repeatedly going around Chicago's left end.

Johnston, at half-back, was forced to retire early in the game; by his retirement Illinois lost her best ground-gaining man and one of the hardest line-buckers in the West. Chicago's game with Wisconsin has been commented upon, but I will say that Chicago did not play as good a game against Wisconsin as she did against Illinois. Fox, Chicago's left end, recovered himself after his poor showing against Illinois, and played the best game I have seen played by an end rusher this year against Wisconsin. Chicago, on Thanksgiving day, defeated Michigan by a score of 21 to 12.

Hershberger kicked three goals from the field, all of them place kicks from the vicinity of the 35-yard line. The game was played on covered grounds, and was a kicking game throughout. Michigan's backs carried Hershberger's punts back many yards, owing, I think, to the fact that three men played in the back field to receive the kicks, and the runner would have good interference. Michigan's ends were very slow getting down the field on kicks, and allowed the Chicago backs to return several of them.

Chicago adapted herself entirely to circumstances, while Michigan did not; her interference was slow, and her plays would have been far more effective out-of-doors on a heavy field. Chicago played through the entire game with the same eleven men that she started in with, whereas Michigan played eight substitutes, which fact plainly shows that Chicago was in far better physical condition. Bennett of Michigan did not play the game I have seen him play, and the fact that he retired early in the game shows that he was not himself. Cunningham and Snow of Michigan did good work, and Cunningham's work in getting down the field on kicks and getting the runner was a good exhibition of skill, and a fact that few centres in the West accomplished. Teetzel, at end, played a good game; he, like Dean of Wisconsin, is a Freshman, and deserves a great deal of credit for his hard, conscientious work this year. He is a fast runner and a sure tackler in the open, but does not do as well when the interference is coming around his end. We shall expect great things of him before his college career is completed.

Hershberger proved himself to be the greatest kicking back that I have ever seen, and his work in a broken field after catching punts was remarkable. Not once this year have I seen him caught and downed in his tracks. The credit of his kicking the three goals from the field is shared equally between Cavanaugh and Clark, the latter receiving the ball while in a kneeling position and holding it for Hershberger to kick.

Hammil played the best game he has put up this year, but even so, his defensive work was not up to its last year's form; while, on the other hand, his work in carrying the ball was excellent.

The work of Kennedy in breaking up interference and interfering has been above reproach, and Gardiner has not been found wanting.

Cavanaugh, at centre, is the best one in the West, but loses a great deal by his over-anxiety, and is many times off side. However, he is a quick man, and is in the play from the start to the finish. Chicago's guards, Bodish and Speed, have played, not a brilliant game, but a good hard conscientious one, and for new men, as this is their first year in college football, have done well.

Michigan had a fund of material, and while the team this year was a comparatively new one, her prospects for the next two years are very bright, as nearly all the members of this year's team return to college.

Michigan's game against Oberlin was as good a game as Michigan has put up this year. Her scoring fourteen points in the last five minutes of play indicates that Michigan can play fast ball. Against Purdue, Michigan played the fastest game she has played this year, and the contrast between the starting of the backs in the Purdue game and in the Chicago game was very marked. Their interference worked faster, and they broke through Purdue's line repeatedly.

Bennett, Snow, and Felver did good work. Felver runs his team well, but is very light for a 'varsity man.

Moore, Purdue's captain, played by far the best game for Purdue. Alward, at tackle, also distinguished himself; but the Purdue ends were fooled many times on the double pass.

Michigan defeated Minnesota by a score of 14 to 0. Minnesota was somewhat weakened by the loss of Loomis, her full-back, but nevertheless she was completely outplayed, Harrison, Minnesota's captain and end, going to full-back; and while he made a creditable showing, he did not play the game played by him last year. Scandrett played a good game, as he always does, and was into the play all the time.

Hogg and Stewart did the best work for Michigan with the ball, while Coley and Teetzel were especially strong on the defensive.

The individual work of the men in the Chicago game deserves special mention, and the bright star on the Michigan team was Felver. His running with the ball was marvellous, and he made several long runs, one of fifty yards through nearly the whole Chicago team, and was finally caught from behind.

The work of Pingree at half-back and Keena at full-back was of first-class order; and Keena has a future before him, as he is only a Freshman. Ayers, who took Bennett's place at end, played a good game, and deserves his 'varsity "M," which he has tried to get for two years.

Illinois was unfortunate in not meeting more of the colleges, as her team must be classed among the best, but did not have any hard games. Her game with Purdue, whom she defeated (34 to 4), was the only game she had with a college team outside of Chicago. Johnston's work for Illinois in the Purdue game was marvellous, and Schuler, Fisher, and Sweeny played their usually good game. Next year I hope to see Illinois playing Michigan, and it will be a battle royal.

Illinois played the Carlisle Indians on November 20, and the score at the end of the first half was 6 to 5 in favor of Illinois. Her team held the Indians on downs often in the first half, and the Indians did not get inside Illinois's 25-yard line. Hudson kicked the goal from the 35-yard line, whereas Illinois scored her touch-down from the centre of the field without once losing the ball.

In the second half Illinois only had the ball once, and then lost it on downs, and the Indians scored three touch-downs, the game ending 23 to 6 in favor of the Indians.

Pierce, Hudson, and Metoxon, for the Indians, did good work, but Von Owen, Sweeny, and McCormick outplayed H. Pierce and Wheelock and Seneca respectively; but Metoxen had no equal, and his line-bucking was wonderful. Fisher of Illinois played a remarkably strong game against Pierce, but got a little the worst of the meeting.

Purdue did not have as good a team this year as she has had in the past. Purdue's game with Minnesota, whom she defeated (6–0), was by far the best game put up by Purdue this year. Purdue's team was light, and handicapped by lack of material, but her game was snappy, and Moore, as half-back, played a good, hard, and conscientious game all through the season, but lacked support; and had he been on a team which would have given him any help, would have been considered as good a back as there is in the West.

Alward, as tackle, was very strong on breaking through, and both of Purdue's scores on Illinois and Michigan were the result of a kick blocked by him. Webb, at guard, also played a good game; and Bond, at tackle, did well for his first year on the team. Next year, I hope, Purdue will be able to make a better showing.

Northwestern and Minnesota have not had as successful a season as they had last year, and the trouble in both cases, I think, is the same—*i. e.*, lack of harmony among the players and the coachers. Minnesota's geographical location is a great drawback, as her teams are obliged to travel nearly five hundred miles to meet any of the other university teams. Northwestern, on the contrary, has every advantage, but for the above-stated reason has failed to get the most out of the material at hand.

Oberlin's work this year has been very good, and Chez, her captain and left guard, has played a remarkably good game, while Washington and the Fauhber brothers deserve a great deal of credit for their work behind the line. The season has been the most successful one the West has ever had; the game has been made better by good umpires, and Mr. Wrenn (Harvard '92) deserves great credit for his work, as it is largely due to his strict rulings, together with the instructions of the coaches, that has changed the game in the West from a brutal exhibition to a clean, honest, and manly game. Summing the work of the men, I find that to pick an All-Western team is no easy matter, but will print the

(*Continued on page 1266.*)

"PONY TRACKS."—Written and Illustrated by Frederic Remington.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.—Full Leather, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

Don't let Whisky get the best of you. Get the BEST of Whisky, which is the

GENUINE DISTILLERY BOTTLING OF

OLD PEPPER WHISKY

AND OLD

HENRY CLAY RYE

Bottled and distilled ONLY by

JAS. E. PEPPER & CO.,
Lexington, Ky.,

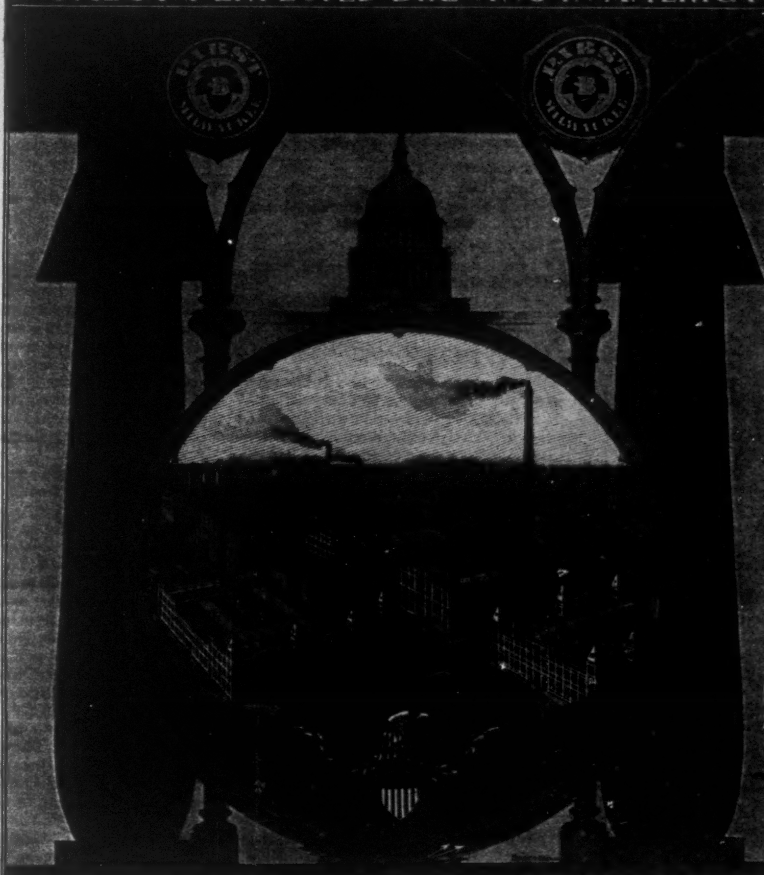
Under the same Formula for more than **100 Years,** is guaranteed Absolutely the **Purest** and **Best** in the World.

SAMPLE CASE, $15.00.

Sent on trial, which, if not satisfactory, can be returned and money will be refunded.

☞ ***Read and save the Coupons on Old Pepper Whisky and Old Henry Clay Rye, and see who gets the $5500 in addition to the $1.00 per dozen.***

PABST PERFECTED BREWING IN AMERICA



When your druggist sells you

PABST MALT EXTRACT,

The "BEST" Tonic,

you may feel assured that it is absolutely perfect. It is the crowning triumph of perfection in brewing, and is backed by the intelligence, system and capital of the world-famed plant pictured above. This plant is the largest of its kind, and is always open to visitors. No other brewery in the world has such extensive facilities for the scientific preparation of malt and hops. This is important to all who buy and use Malt Extract. You are entitled to know by whom and how it is made.

A booklet mailed to any address for the asking.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A GOOD, ACCEPTABLE AND INTERESTING **Christmas Present ?**

HERE IT IS:

A Year's Subscription to Puck ...and Puck's Christmas Card

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

...A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size, 7x4¾ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are *printed* on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 1264.)

following, and I think it is the strongest combination that could be gotten together:

Gardiner (Chicago), full-back.
Hershberger (Chicago) and Cochems (Wisconsin), half-backs.
Schuler (Illinois), quarter-back.
Cavanaugh (Chicago), centre.
Riorden captain (Wisconsin), and Chez (Oberlin), guards.
Sweeny (Illinois) and Holmes (Wisconsin), tackles.
Kennedy (Chicago), and Bennett (Michigan), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Cunningham (Michigan), centre; Fisher (Illinois), guard; Alward (Purdue), tackle; Mullen (Notre Dame), end.

Back of the line.

Peele (Wisconsin), half-back; Clark (Chicago), quarter or half back; Moore (Purdue), half or full back.

RALPH T. HOAGLAND.

GOLF COMPETITIONS.

ONE of the changes that overtook golf when it became popular in England was that men began to show an apparent preference for the competition by score as against the match. It would be hard to give a reason for this. The individual golfer, when you questioned him, always told you, and with sincerity, that he abominated the game by strokes, that the match was the genuine fashion of the game, that the hunting of the pot ought to be abolished, and so on, all in good earnest; and yet on the very next opportunity off he went pot-hunting to this, that, or the other meeting. The explanation probably is that the pot was only the excuse, that the pot was not the real attraction, but that the golfer was genuinely attracted by an amiable, gregarious instinct rather than by the desire for filthy lucre, and that he attended these meetings as a means of getting matches and talking golf with his fellows.

This was probably the innocent explanation. Scotland was at one time quite indignant with England over the pot-hunting that the latter had introduced into golf; but it was irreflective indignation, for a moment's thought would have shown the level-headed Scotsman that the game was very far from being worth the candle on this hypothesis. Travelling-money and hotel bills would take all the gilt off the pot's splendor many times over. It was not for the prize that men went together to Westward Ho, to Hoylake, to Prestwick; it was to meet one another and to play matches. But they were not quite clear themselves as to their motives, which, after all, may have been a little mixed. The remote possibility of winning the medal may have been in the background all the while, but it was not the determining motive. Nevertheless, they fell into the habit of saying that they were "going to the medal meeting," and so the medal grew to assume a fictitious prominence and importance that it never really possessed, and so justified Scotland's reproaches. At the same time, Englishmen were inclined to add to the inducements of their meetings by instituting other prizes—handicap prizes—thinking thereby to increase the attendance. This effect was actually produced for a while, but at present there seem signs that the plan is defeating its own object. Englishmen even are beginning to perceive that their matches are very much interfered with by the number of scoring competitions that prevail at every meeting; there is a growing tendency to reduce the number of those competitions, and even a growing tendency to refrain from attending the meetings. "One never gets any matches there; all the time is taken up with playing for prizes," is the sort of complaint that is becoming very general.

It is perhaps worth while drawing attention to these phases through which English golf has passed and is passing, by way of an example to America of what it is likely that she may have to regard as dangers to be avoided. In the old days when medals were few, and monthly medals had not yet been invented, then the winning of any one or other of these annual medals was looked on as a much greater affair than it is to-day, when medals are so many. For a long time we used to give no mementos for any but the scratch challenge prizes, and this was probably a good restriction; but by degrees it grew to be disregarded, and mementos were given equally for handicap prizes, and even for monthly medals. By this indiscriminate distribution of rewards their value was reduced to a minimum.

When Englishmen and Scotsmen succeed in getting an idea into their heads, even if it be a wholly rational one to start with, they are very apt to argue from it in a manner that is wholly irrational. It may be that this little foible is not entirely kept on this side of the Atlantic. At all events, the tendency has been shown not only in the original multiplication of prizes beyond all that is reasonable, but no less in the irrational manner in which those who have come round to be the enemies of indiscriminate prize-giving now conduct their attacks on it. They abuse all prizes with a splendid impartiality, and an utter disregard of the grounds on which they first saw fit to condemn the principle of prize-giving. Such a criticism as this is often in their mouths:

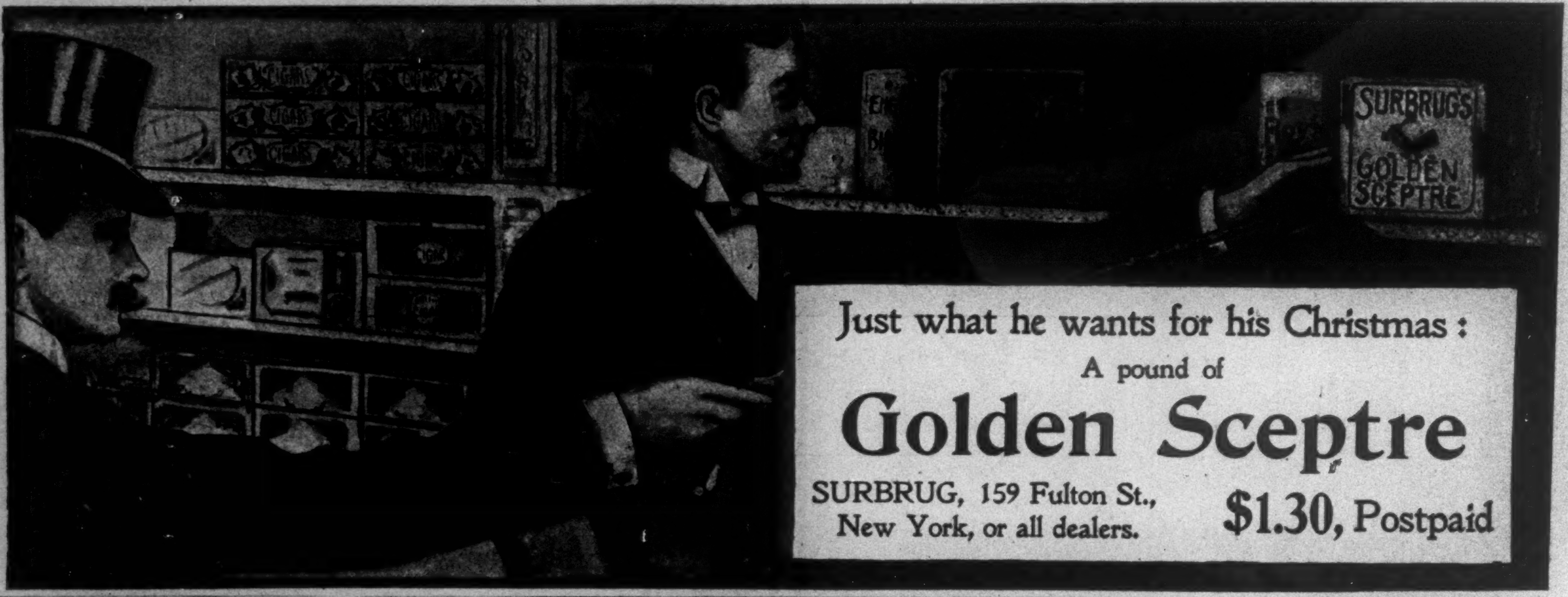
"Oh, they have an absurd number of prizes at such and such a links. They have a prize for everything—actually a prize for the second half-round."

Thus they proceed in their denunciation; but if they had paused for a moment to think, they would have perceived that this prize, which they are especially fond of selecting as their "horrid instance," is one that is utterly inoffensive to the principle on which they are conducting their crusade. They condemn the multiplicity of prizes rightly enough, because they mean such a number of scoring competitions as leave little spare time for these matches by holes that are the original, the recognized, and the most agreeable form of the game; but this matter of a prize for the second half-round does not increase at all the number of rounds occupied by the competitions, for no one has ever heard of a competition for which the *only* prize was that which depended on the second half-round. No; other prizes are the principal guerdons of success in the total round, and the prize for the second half is only added as a kind of consolatory postscript. Its special object is a kind and laudable one—to give some sort of interest in the round to those unhappy persons who have been so unfortunate in its early stages as to leave themselves no possible hope of winning the principal prize. For these poor people the scoring round, after their first disasters, is a melancholy thing indeed—a performance in which they may admire the scenery, listen to the larks, inhale the pure ozone, but the entire interest of the game is for them snuffed out like a candle. They have no match to interest them, and the best they can do for themselves and for their neighbor is to transfer such share of interest as is transferable to the fortunes or misfortunes of their partners, which we may charitably suppose to be less desperate than their own. But this interest, even with the most Christian golfer, is not a very keen and lively sentiment; possibly the partner's performances soon reduce it to the vanishing-point, and in most cases the later stages of a round ill begun are melancholy in the extreme. It is to relieve the melancholy of these unhappy people that the prize for the last half-round has been invented. Nobody, perhaps, is very proud of winning it—it is a little matter, whether regarded as a bit of lucre or a bit of glory—but at least it gives a glimmer of interest to the final nine holes, and gives a poor man something to play for when his chance for the prize for which he has originally started has vanished. It is to be regarded in the light of a piece of charity.

So in this particular instance, cited in illustration of the folly of extreme prize-giving, the average British critic is not happy. Though he is right in principle, he is wrong in detail. It is a small matter, but it is illustrative of the fog into which we are rather apt to tumble unless we look at our landmarks as we go along. The real point is not that prize meetings are bad things—and by "bad" is to be understood nothing in a moral sense or bad as conducive to pot-hunting, for the pot is scarcely ever hunted, or worth the hunting, but bad in the sense of boring—it is not the prize meetings themselves that are bad and a bore, but it is the excessive number of rounds which are occupied with playing for prizes at each meeting. Prize meetings are pleasant. Golfers gather together like eagles round this humble little carcass of a medal or a cup, not for the sake of the silver thing, but for the sake of the golf, the good-fellowship, and so on. The medal gives them a rallying-point, and a date for coming together. But what is bad and boring is to find every day out of the three or four that you design passing at this rallying-point filled up with scoring competitions, so that you have not time for any of the pleasant matches to which you were looking forward. It is thus that the excessive prize-giving defeats its objects. Let there be as many prizes given as the liberality of the club or its members may see fit, but let them be crammed into, say, a couple of rounds during the meeting, and let the other rounds be free for the playing of private matches. There is one point that we ought always, difficult though it be, to keep in mind—that according to the original intention of golf and golfers we play the game for pleasure.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Violinists Send for Our Book of OLD VIOLINS (FREE.)
It contains historical sketches of the old masters of Cremona and Brescia from 1540; illustrated; with fac-simile labels, also a descriptive list of old violins possessing the pure mellow tone, costing from $25 to $5,000. A formal Certificate of Genuineness with each violin. Several Violins sent on selection when desired.
LYON & HEALY, Adams & Wabash Sts., Chicago.

THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps.) Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER. A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

GREAT WESTERN THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.
One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
RHEIMS, STEUBEN CO., NEW YORK.
H. B. KIRK & CO., Agents, 69 Fulton Street, also Broadway and 27th Street, N.Y.

Financial

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

RUPTURE CURED without operation. Send for book of full information, 10c. Address S. J. Sherman, Rupture Specialist, 29 East 2d St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Consultation daily, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Guerlain
15, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS
Catalogue post free on application.
Most Exquisite Retail Perfumery
The elegant and fashionable Parisian World uses:
Eaux de Cologne: Hégémonienne, Impériale, Russe, Ambrée.
Scents: Baume de Violette, le Jardin de mon Curé, Vere Novo, Jadis.
Sapoceti, special soap for the face: Maréchale, Duchesse, Violette, Pao Rosa.
Powder for the face: Ladies in all climates Pink, Yellow, White.

"A Book is the only immortality."—*Rufus Choate.*

Brentano's

A NEW ERA IN BOOKSELLING.

BRENTANO'S beg to reiterate their important change of policy, under which they are selling books at

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS FROM PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

This new policy extends through all departments. For out-of-town customers, our most important department, to which we desire to call especial attention, is our

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT,

the facilities of which are unsurpassed by any other establishment.

French and German Books.

ENGRAVING executed promptly in fashionable and correct style, and at less cost than usually prevails elsewhere for work of the best class.

BRENTANO'S,
31 Union Square, New York.

[Copyright, 1896, by Hall & Ruckel, New York.]

A charming woman, she is particular about her teeth and the dentifrice she uses. At the time the photograph was taken she wrote of

Sozodont

as follows:

"I recommend it to everybody." Subsequently it was understood she recommended the use of liquid Sozodont daily and Sozodont powder twice a week. As both are furnished in one package, a double benefit is derivable at a single price.

For a sample of the liquid, send three cents, mentioning this paper, to P.O. Box 247, New York.

HALL & RUCKEL,
New York. (*Established 1848.*) London.

THE MARTIAN

Edition de Luxe

Now Ready

Uniform with Edition de Luxe of "Trilby." On Hand-made Paper, with Deckel Edges—the Illustrations in Sepia and the Text in Black. Large 8vo, Bound in Vellum. Limited to 500 Numbered Copies. $10 00.

A delightful romance.—NEW YORK HERALD.

It is a Christmas story for every day in the year.—CRITIC, N.Y.

In "The Martian" George du Maurier has given us of his best.—PHILA. PRESS.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE DU MAURIER
(In a Box)
"The Martian," "Trilby," and "Peter Ibbetson":
Cloth, $4 50; Three-quarter Calf, $9 50;
Three-quarter Crushed Levant, $12 00.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR 1898

will have a series of articles on

Our Pacific Prospect

touching the importance of commercial routes and strategic positions as related to the future of nations holding sway on the Pacific Ocean.

Captain A. T. MAHAN

the leading authority on the influence of sea power upon history, will follow up his previous articles by further studies of American sea power.

CAPTAIN MAHAN.

OUR PACIFIC DOMAIN

Its importance in the past and future fortunes of the Republic, will be treated in articles by CHARLES F. LUMMIS. Our relations with Eastern powers and with the two dominant European powers in Asia will be considered in other authoritative papers.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL

will be treated in a series of articles concerning its commercial importance, its feasibility from the point of view of the engineer, and its bearing on our foreign relations. The series will be prepared by the most eminent authorities on the several subjects.

35 Cents a Copy; Single Subscriptions, $4 00 a Year.

In Combination with HARPER'S BAZAR or HARPER'S WEEKLY, $7 00 a Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York and London

HARPER & BROTHERS'

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THE WOOING OF MALKATOON: COMMODUS. Two Poems. By LEW. WALLACE, Author of "Ben-Hur," "The Prince of India," "The Boyhood of Christ," etc. Illustrated by F. V. DU MOND and J. R. WEGUELIN. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

A YEAR FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Princess Aline," "Three Gringos in Venezuela," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER. Twelve Aeglogues. By EDMUND SPENSER. Newly Adorned with Twelve Pictures and Other Devices by WALTER CRANE. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Colored Edges, $2 00.

CELEBRATED TRIALS. By HENRY LAUREN CLINTON, Author of "Extraordinary Cases." With Nine Portraits. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

MARCHESI AND MUSIC. Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing-Teacher. By MATHILDE MARCHESI. With an Introduction by MASSENET. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

FLOWERS OF FIELD, HILL, AND SWAMP. By CAROLINE A. CREEVEY, Author of "Recreations in Botany." Illustrated by BENJAMIN LANDER. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

A LEGEND OF CAMELOT. Pictures and Verses. By GEORGE DU MAURIER, Author and Illustrator of "The Martian," "Trilby," etc. Large 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $5 00.

THE ABBEY SHAKESPEARE. The Comedies of William Shakespeare. With 131 Drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY, Reproduced by Photogravure. Four Volumes. Large 8vo, Half Cloth, Deckel Edges and Gilt Tops, $30 00 per set. (*In a Box.*)

PICTURESQUE SICILY. By WILLIAM AGNEW PATON. Illustrated from Photographs. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA. By POULTNEY BIGELOW, Author of "The German Struggle for Liberty," "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812. By JAMES BARNES. With 21 Full-page Illustrations by CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, printed in color or tint. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $4 50.

AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY. Being Rambling Recollections of Many Years of My Life. By M. E. W. SHERWOOD, Author of "Manners and Social Usages" and "A Transplanted Rose." With a Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

"ALL HANDS." Pictures of Life in the United States Navy. By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM, Author of "Horse, Foot, and Dragoons." Large 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, Gilt Edges, $5 00.

MY STUDIO NEIGHBORS. By WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, Author of "Eye Spy," "Sharp Eyes," etc. Illustrated by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

A HISTORY OF METHODISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By JAMES M. BUCKLEY, D.D. In Two Volumes. With over 100 Portraits and Views. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WOODROW WILSON, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Jurisprudence, Princeton University. Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE and Others. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK (1816-1860). By CHAS. H. HASWELL. With many Illustrations, a Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and a Map of New York in 1816. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, from 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "A History of the Four Georges," etc. With Sixteen Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75. Also uniform in style with Vols. I. and II. of Mr. MCCARTHY'S "History of Our Own Times."

SOME POPULAR FICTION

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS. A Novel. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Illustrated by PETER NEWELL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

SPANISH JOHN. Being a Memoir, now First Published in Complete Form, of the Early Life and Adventures of Colonel John McDonell, Known as "Spanish John," when a Lieutenant in the Company of St. James of the Regiment Irlandia, in the Service of the King of Spain, Operating in Italy. By WILLIAM MCLENNAN. Illustrated by F. DE MYRBACH. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE MARTIAN. A Novel. By GEORGE DU MAURIER, Author of "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," etc. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75; Three-quarter Calf, $3 50; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, $4 50. A Glossary of the French and Latin expressions is included.
Édition de Luxe, on hand-made paper, with Deckel Edges—the Illustrations in Sepia and the Text in Black. Large 8vo, Bound in Vellum. Limited to 500 Numbered Copies. $10 00.

DU MAURIER'S NOVELS:
The Martian, Trilby, and **Peter Ibbetson.** (*In a Box.*) Cloth, $4 50; Three-quarter Calf, $9 50; Three-quarter Crushed Levant, $12 00.

By JOHN FOX, Jr.:
The Kentuckians. A Novel. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.
"Hell fer Sartain," and Other Stories. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Colored Top, $1 00.

By W. D. HOWELLS:
An Open-Eyed Conspiracy. An Idyl of Saratoga. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.
The Landlord at Lion's Head. A Novel. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

LOCHINVAR. A Novel. By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Men of the Moss-Hags," "The Gray Man," etc. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

PASTE JEWELS. Being Seven Tales of Domestic Woe. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, Author of "Coffee and Repartee," "A House-Boat on the Styx," etc. With One Illustration. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

LIN McLEAN. By OWEN WISTER, Author of "Red Men and White," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

LORRAINE. A Romance. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

JEROME, A POOR MAN. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "Jane Field," "Pembroke," etc. Illustrated by A. I. KELLER. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

JIMTY, AND OTHERS. Stories. By MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE TINTED VENUS. A Novel. By F. ANSTEY. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50. (*New Edition.*)

JOHN LEIGHTON, Jr. A Novel. By KATRINA TRASK. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

STUART AND BAMBOO. A Novel. By Mrs. S. P. MCLEAN GREENE, Author of "Vesty of the Basins." Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

MARK TWAIN'S JOAN OF ARC. Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. Illustrated by F. V. DU MOND. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

IN SIMPKINSVILLE. Character Tales. By RUTH MCENERY STUART, Author of "A Golden Wedding," "The Story of Babette," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

LEADING JUVENILES

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Bound Volume for 1897. Volume XVIII. With 1270 Pages and nearly 800 Illustrations. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.

THE ROCK OF THE LION. A Story. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, Author of "A Virginia Cavalier," etc. Illustrated by A. I. KELLER. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE STORY OF THE RHINEGOLD (Der Ring des Nibelungen). Told for Young People. By ANNA ALICE CHAPIN. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

BIBLE STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By the Right Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., and Others. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

SCHOOL-BOY LIFE IN ENGLAND. By JOHN CORBIN. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Colored Top, $1 25.

ALAN RANSFORD. A Story. By ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND, Author of "Oakleigh." Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

A LOYAL TRAITOR. A Story of the War of 1812. By JAMES BARNES. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

SHAKESPEARE THE BOY. By WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt.D. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE PAINTED DESERT. A Story of Northern Arizona. By KIRK MUNROE, Author of "Rick Dale," "The Fur-Seal's Tooth," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THREE OPERETTAS. "Three Little Kittens," "Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town," and "Bobby Shaftoe." By H. C. BUNNER. Music by OSCAR WEIL. Illustrated. Oblong 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, Colored Edges, $2 50.

EYE SPY. Afield with Nature among Flowers and Animate Things. By WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York and London.

A Great Library

of the Best Fiction, History, Biography, Science, and Art

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR 1898 $1.00 A YEAR

will contain a great wealth of original literary and pictorial matter by the best writers and artists of the day. We have material in hand which we have definitely planned to publish during the year that will, when issued in volume form, make at least fifteen books that will not be sold for less than $25.00. This material will have its first publication in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. A year's subscription costs only $1.00.

Below we give a few of the great features. There are many others; in this limited space it is impossible to enumerate them all.

Chas. A. Dana's Reminiscences

Mr. Dana was intimately associated with the great leaders during the Civil War. He was much at the front. Lincoln called him "The Eyes of the Government at the Front." These reminiscences contain much unpublished material, secret history, and fresh recollections of Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, Chase, and many others. They are illustrated with many rare and unpublished photographs from the almost priceless collection in the War Department.

Anthony Hope's New Novel

"Rupert of Hentzau," sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." The best novel Anthony Hope has ever written.

C. D. Gibson in Egypt

Mr. Gibson will spend this winter in Egypt, making pictures for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Nansen

will write on the possibility of reaching the Pole, and the scientific results of a polar expedition.

ADVENTURE AND EXPLORATION

Andrée's Balloon and Voyage

By Mr. Strindberg, brother of Andrée's companion in his flight towards the Pole.

Jackson in the Far North

His own account of the years he lived far north of the limits of human habitation.

Sven Hedin in Unexplored Asia

For ten days in the great Gobi Desert without food or water—an explorer of wonderful pluck and endurance.

Landor in Thibet

His capture, torture, and escape to India, especially written by himself for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

THE NEWEST SCIENCE

Edison's Wonderful Invention

For crushing mountains to dust and extracting iron by magnetism.

Lord Kelvin

A character sketch and a conversation on some unsolved problems of science.

The Fastest Ship

A description of "Turbinia," a boat that can make 40 miles an hour, by the inventor and builder.

Making a Great Telescope

By Dr. J. A. BRASHEAR, who perhaps knows more about this subject than any other man in the world.

A Submarine Boat

Experiences during a voyage under water in a Holland submarine boat, with pictures made on the spot.

Airships and Balloons

An account of the very latest experiments in aërial navigation, and an interview with an eminent balloon-maker of Paris.

Rudyard Kipling

A NEW POEM—"THE DESTROYERS." A powerful, grim, moving song of torpedoes and torpedo-boats.

A NEW STORY—"THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS," a tale of "a clouded tiger," an officer in India, and a rebellious tribe. Mr. Kipling will be a frequent contributor.

Robert Barr

"The Archbishop's Christmas Gift," "The Long Ladder," and other stories.

William Allen White

More Boyville Stories.

Ian Maclaren

"The Left Hand of Samuel Dodson," and other stories.

Octave Thanet

"The Peace Offering," "The Grand Army Man," etc.

Stephen Crane

"The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," and others.

TRUE INDIAN STORIES

By Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland has spent many months among the Indians of the Far West, gathering their reminiscences and traditions. In coming numbers of the magazine will appear

The Custer Fight

This tale, taken down from the lips of the chief Two Moons, is a vivid and dramatic story.

Sitting Bull's Defiance

A fine story of Sitting Bull's refusal to treat with a commissioner from the Government, and his insensibility to fine words and rich gifts.

Rising Wolf, Ghost Dancer

Rising Wolf's autobiography, giving strange instances of his power of magic and his own story of how he acquired the power.

The Railroad Man's Life

By HERBERT E. HAMBLIN. A Narrative of work, adventures, hazards, accidents, and escapes. The record of fifteen years' experience as fireman and engineer.

A Diver's Autobiography

The story of the champion deep diver of the world, full of innumerable adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

The Siberian Railway

This railway will open one of the greatest wheat-raising countries of the world. Prince Krapotkin will tell its thrilling history from inside and personal knowledge.

New York in 1950

The streets, water supply, ways of travel, safety guards of life and health, sport and pleasure, by Col. WARING.

Mark Twain's Voyage

Illustrated by A. B. FROST and PETER NEWELL. Both article and pictures are inimitably droll.

A GREAT SPECIAL OFFER

FREE The November number will be sent free to new subscribers beginning with December. Be sure to ask for it when subscribing, and state that you saw the offer in HARPER'S WEEKLY. This offer will not appear in this paper again.

THE BEST WAY TO REMIT is by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter. Address all letters and make remittances payable to

The S. S. McCLURE CO., 144 East 25th St., New York

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

FREDERICK GLASSUP 22 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

Good Fellows! Christmas Gift!

What will do more for Christmas cheer than

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

As a present to a boon companion, an invalid friend, or an aged relative?

Because it is pure and cheering, it is the choice of

CLUBS, CAFÉS, FAMILIES.

It is Mellow and Delightful.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE

Established 1830

JANUARY NUMBER

now on sale, contains many features of great interest and value.

Preliminary Period of the American Revolution

By GEORGE C. LAY

Every American citizen, every man and woman in the land, should study this work. It is as forcible and clear as sound logic, and reads with the charm of an old romance.

The Wimpled Maid of Nantucket

By STANLEY EDWARDS JOHNSON

A love story of intense feeling, interwoven with a tale of avarice and a mysterious hidden treasure, and founded upon fact. The story will run as serial.

Triumphs in Amateur Photography

The second of a series of articles covering the work of the most noted amateurs. This issue describes the work of F. H. Day, and reproduces many of his finest pictures. These articles are especially interesting to those who use the camera.

Notable American Concert-Singers

Some Americans of whom Americans have reason to be proud. Illustrated with fine half-tone portraits.

EIGHT STRONG SHORT STORIES

On all news-stands.

10 cents a copy; $1.00 a year.

THE GODEY COMPANY

Lafayette Place, New York

THE TRAVELERS

of Hartford, Conn.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

Largest Accident Company in the World,

and a Leading Life Company.

ISSUES ACCIDENT POLICIES

Covering Accidents of Travel, Sport, or Business, at Home and Abroad.

Yearly, or premium paid-up in Ten Years with return of all premiums paid, and running till 70. Death Only, or Death and Weekly Indemnity. No medical examination required. Not forfeited by change of occupation, but paid *pro rata*. No extra charge for foreign travel or residence.

ALL FORMS OF . . . .

LIABILITY INSURANCE Covering

The liability of Manufacturers and other Employers to strangers who may be injured upon their premises. The liability of Contractors to Employés and to strangers for injuries sustained upon buildings or other works under contract. The contingent liability of Owners having buildings or other works under contract. The liability of Owners of buildings for accidents (including Elevator). The liability of Owners of Horses and Vehicles for driving accidents.

LIFE and ENDOWMENT POLICIES.

All Forms, Low Rates, and Non-Forfeitable.

Its Increasing Life Plan affording options of conversion into temporary or life annuities, with liberal surrender values, is offered by no other Company.

ASSETS, $21,915,633.62.

LIABILITIES, $18,550,472.23.

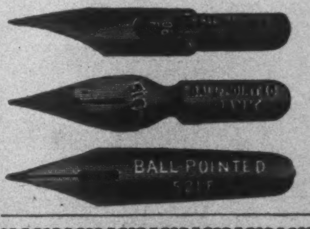
SURPLUS, $3,365,161.39.

Returned to Policy-Holders since 1864, $33,098,024.

GEORGE ELLIS, Secretary. JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Secretary.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John Street, TOWER MANUFACTURING CO., 306 Broadway, New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. C. M'CLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
BROWN BROS., LIM., 68 King Street, Toronto.

VIOLETTE DE LA REINE

Leading druggists and department stores now sell it, or send 12 cents in stamps for a small sample to

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Wholesale Agents, 22-24 Washington Place, New York City.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.